ALIENS™

LABYRINTH

JIM WOODRING • KILIAN PLUNKETT

ALIENS™

LABYRINTH

ALIENS™
LABYRINTH

writer
Jim Woodring

artist
Kilian Plunkett

background inker
Monty Sheldon

colorist
Matt Hollingsworth

letterer
Ellie de Ville

introduction
S. D. Perry

DARK HORSE COMICS®

series editor
Ryder Windham

collection editor
Lynn Adair

collection designer
Fuentes

collection design manager
Brian Gogolin

original Alien design
H. R. Giger

MIKE RICHARDSON publisher • NEIL HANKERSON executive vp
DAVID SCROGGY vp of publishing • LOU BANK vp of marketing
ANDY KARABATSOS vp of finance • MARK ANDERSON general counsel
DIANA SCHUTZ editor in chief • RANDY STRADLEY creative director
CINDY MARKS director of production & design • MARK COX art director
SEAN TIERNEY computer graphics manager • CHRIS CREVISTON director of accounting
MICHAEL MARTENS marketing director • TOD BORLESKE sales and licensing director
MARK ELLINGTON director of operations • DALE LAFOUNTAIN director of m.i.s.

ALIENS™ LABYRINTH, August 1995. Aliens ™ & © 1986, 1995 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Aliens is a trademark of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved. Text and illustrations for Aliens: Labyrinth are © 1995 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Illustrations on pages 134 and 135 are © 1995 Jim Woodring. All other material, unless otherwise specified, is © 1995 Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. The stories, institutions, and characters in this collection are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. No portion of this publication may be reproduced, by any means, without the express permission of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation and Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.

This book collects issues 1-4 of the Dark Horse comic-book series *Aliens: Labyrinth* and the *Dark Horse Comics* two chapter prequel "Aliens: Backsplash."

Published by
Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

ISBN:1-56971-110-0
First edition: August 1995

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Printed in Canada

INTRODUCTION

A FERTILE HIVE

BY S.D. PERRY

They're everywhere, the Aliens.

Hidden tunnels, dark corners, shiny wet and teeming with the glistening black creatures that wait . . . to feed.

Just when we think that they've run out of ways to keep us terrified — those metallic teeth that snicker-snack, dripping, the lithe and powerful bodies that prey on human flesh and incubate their parasitic young inside their victims . . . just then, they attack.

I wasn't old enough to catch that first glimpse of the slick and horrifying being that mercilessly stalked the crew of the *Nostromo* — well, at least not in the theater. I remember sneaking downstairs to see it on cable as my parents slept — volume low, listening for the creak of the floorboards as Ash spouted whitish goo all over Ripley, and the seemingly indestructible Alien was finally blown into space. I was in seventh grade and I was captivated.

And I had to leave the lights on when I snuck back up to bed.

I got to see the sequel on the big screen, and I was knocked out of my seat. Do you remember the first time? Did you wonder during the opening scene if it was going to burst out of Jones the cat? It's funny — I recall having my ticket torn and walking into the popcorn-scented darkness just *expecting* to be disappointed. Sequels generally bite, so I'd learned. Waste of money.

It's a damn good thing I hadn't placed any bets. It was as good (and maybe better) than the first, tense and funny and scary as hell. The characters were amazing, the dialogue realistic and often hilarious, the action relentlessly intense. The entire audience (and it was standing-room only) clapped when the lights came up, and that's some kind of ovation, applauding a screen. I clapped, too, even the third time I saw it, and I was never alone in my appreciation.

So for about five years after, that was my take — the *Alien* flicks, top tens, have you seen 'em? I was a fan. They even cropped up in my gender media class, the barriers they had broken by introducing Ellen Ripley to the world.

When my dad told me that Dark Horse had bought the rights to *Aliens*, and that he was going to adapt two of the graphic novels into book form, I was suitably impressed. My father is one hell of a science-fiction writer (and I'm objective, *really*), though I've always been partial to horror. But in the *Aliens* universe, there are both, and both genres actually *work* together. Beautifully.

Not to toot my own horn too loudly, but I've always had a knack for writing — thank the gods, too, because besides waitressing, it's all I know how to do. So when Dad signed on for a third book, he invited me along.

Here, then, was a chance for me to work with the fictional folk I had come to know

and love. Because the third movie knocked off the main characters, my father had changed the names in the books — Newt became Billie, Hicks had become Wilks. And Ripley? I got to bring her back. Dad polished up the military action and I hammered out the blood 'n' guts enthusiastically (and we got through it, even though I'm still not sure what a "carbine" is). The final result was *Aliens: The Female War*, based on the outstanding work of Mark Verheiden and Sam Kieth.

And Dark Horse didn't stop there. It branched into *Aliens versus Predator*, which I had the honor of adapting all by my lonesome (well, the renowned Steve Perry did a *little* — and I hope we did right by the superb efforts of Randy Stradley and Chris Warner) into the first book, *Prey*. There are some amazing writers working the book end of this universe — Robert Sheckley, Dave Bischoff, and Sandy Scofield to name a few. And Steve, of course. And hey, *me*, just another fan who had the incredible good fortune to be the daughter of a first-class writer. (Okay, total humility aside, I *do* have *some* talent . . .)

I did the movie novelization of *Timecop* for Dark Horse, my first solo credit — and a few short weeks ago, I was asked to go back to the *Aliens* system with a new set of comics to adapt — *Labyrinth*, which you now hold in your hands, a truly black and terrible glimpse into the mind of a mad doctor, beautifully scripted and drawn by Jim Woodring and Kilian Plunkett. Dark, wet, nasty — I *love* it! I couldn't ask for a better birthday present (and today, in fact, I turn 25) or a better job. Beats the bloody heck out of working for tips.

Go figure. Just when I think that all of the stories have been done, that there are no more worlds for the Alien drones to infest, we get a mad scientist who actually has reason to be mad, a by-the-book military hero, and yet another strong and capable woman to work with — set up to do battle on a shadowy space station.

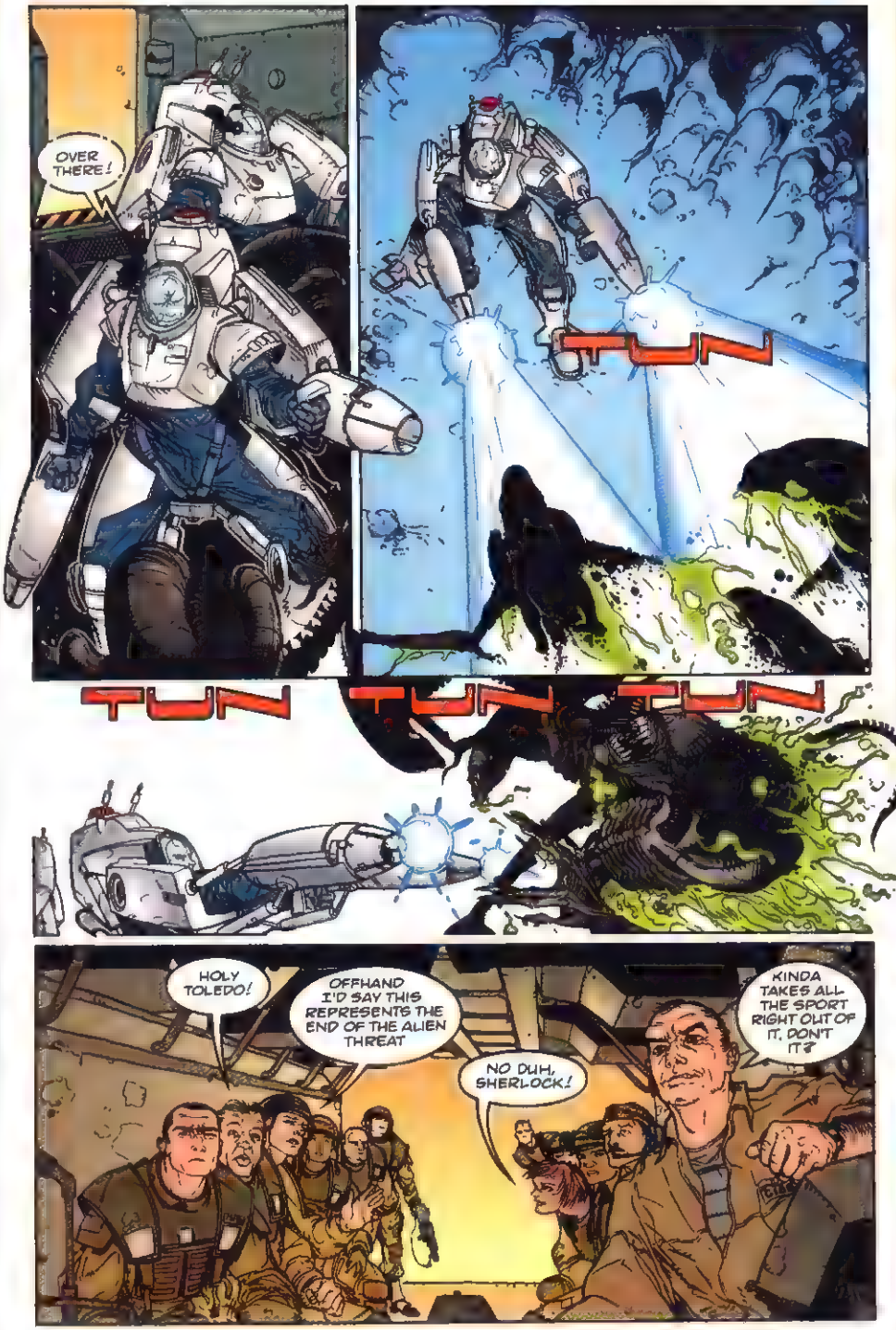
The Alien hives are alive and well, thanks

to Dark Horse Comics and Twentieth Century Fox — terrific drawings and great scripts that continue to present us with interesting and creative stories to mull over, to keep us in touch with the consistently heart-pounding action. The drones that never die, but lie in wait to jump out of the darkness and scare even the bravest reader into a cold sweat.

And I pray they'll never stop.

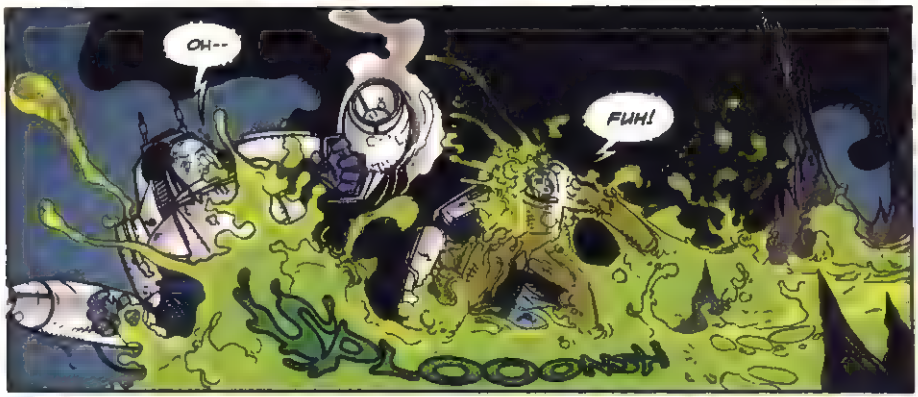
prologue

REGULATIONS SAY YOU'RE HERE AS BACK-UP FOR THE LEAD TEAM AND TO PROVIDE A RETREAT ESCORT IF NECESSARY.
BUT WHAT YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO DO IS SIT BACK, RELAX...
...AND WATCH RUPP AND HOLLISTER HERE LIQUIFY EVERY ALIEN IN THIS CAVERN WITH THESE NEWLY-DEVELOPED PARTICLE-PLASMA PROJECTORS.
MAKE IT A CLEAN SWEEP, MEN. I WANT THIS PLACE STERILIZED!
AYE AYE, SIR!

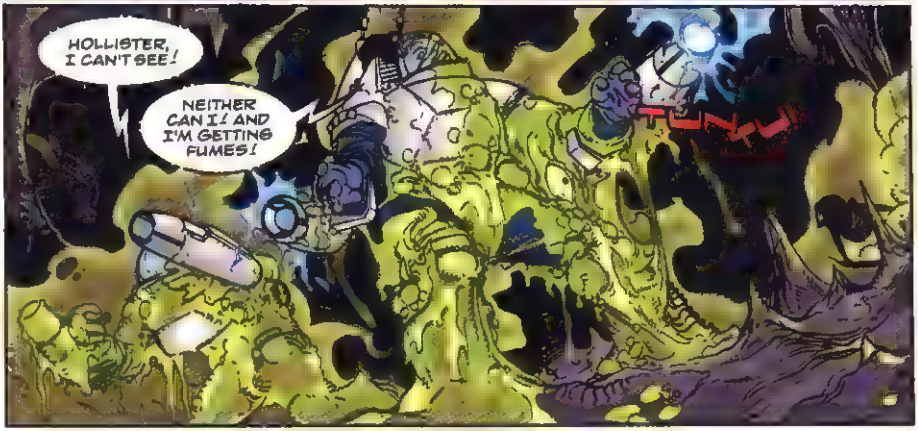

OVER THERE!
TUN
TUN
TUN
TUN
HOLY TOLEDO!
OFFHAND I'D SAY THIS REPRESENTS THE END OF THE ALIEN THREAT
NO DUH, SHERLOCK!
KINDA TAKES ALL THE SPORT RIGHT OUT OF IT, DON'T IT?

WHOA! LOOKS LIKE THE MOTHER-LODE!
GET 'EM ALL BEFORE THEY SCATTER!

TUN
SPLUUUUUNCH!

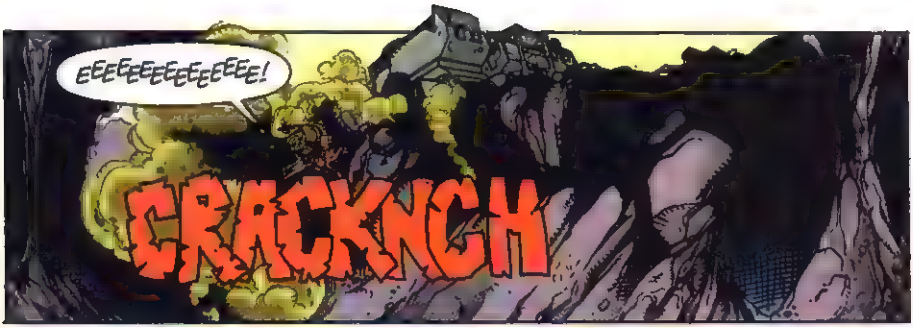

OH--
FUH!
LOOOOSH

WHAT HAPPENED?


HOLLISTER, I CAN'T SEE!
NEITHER CAN I! AND I'M GETTING FUMES!
TUNG!

THE STUFF'S GETTING IN! HOW? THESE SUITS ARE ACID-PROOF!
NO. JUST ACID-RESISTANT... THIS CONCENTRATION... HELP ME! I CAN'T BREATHE!
SIZZZZZT
THE TRANSPORT IS DISSOLVING!
GET THIS STUFF OFF ME!
AAAAAAH
CRESPI! BLOW THE BOLTS ON THAT ESCAPE HATCH!
MY EYES!
I AN'T.. HUALK!
YESSIR!
WHOOM!
YAAAAAAH!
THE SUIT IS BURNING INTO ME! OH GOD! OH GOD!
SKRUTCH!

FIGHT! FIGHT! KILL THEM, COLONIAL MARINES!
THEY'VE GOT HOLLISTER!
THEY'VE GOT US ALL, YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH! FIGHT! FIGHT!
MOTHER, I NEED HELP.
AIEEEEYAUGH!!!
HUMPFULKCH!
MERCIFUL GOD, NOOOO!
THIS ... IS HOPELESS ...
KEEP FIGHTING ...

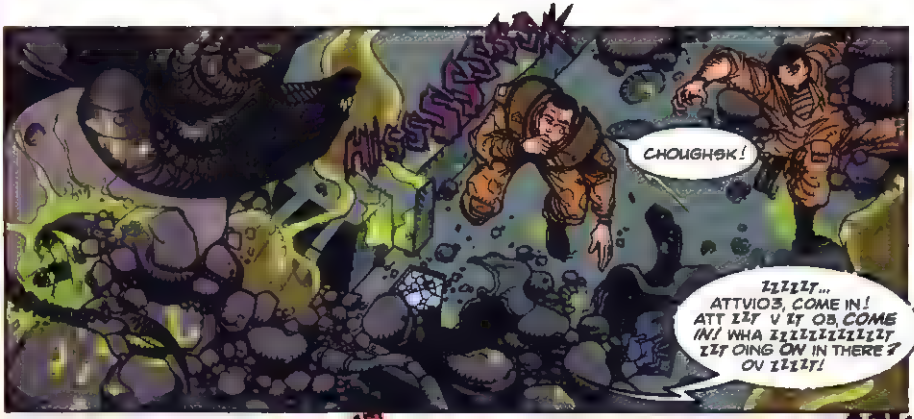

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
CRACKNCH

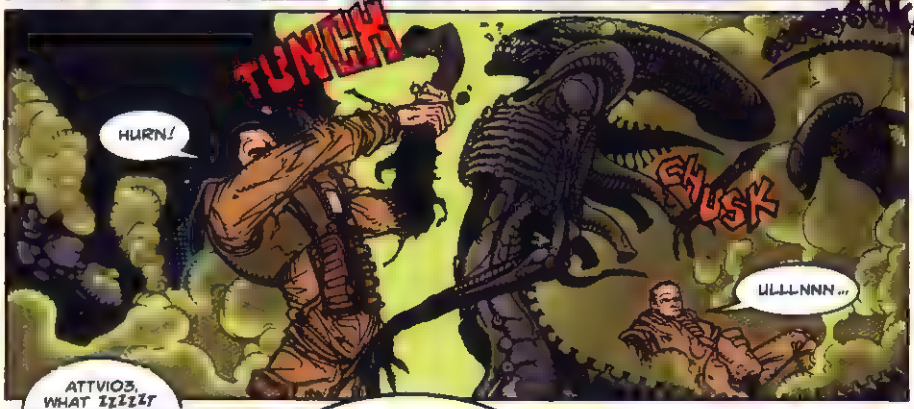
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE LEDGE IS DISSOLVING!

AAAAAACK!
GRAB SOMETHING!
RIDE IT DOWN!
STAY ON TOP!
GRUMMMBLL
MUBURMMUR
ANGH!

KERRAAASH!

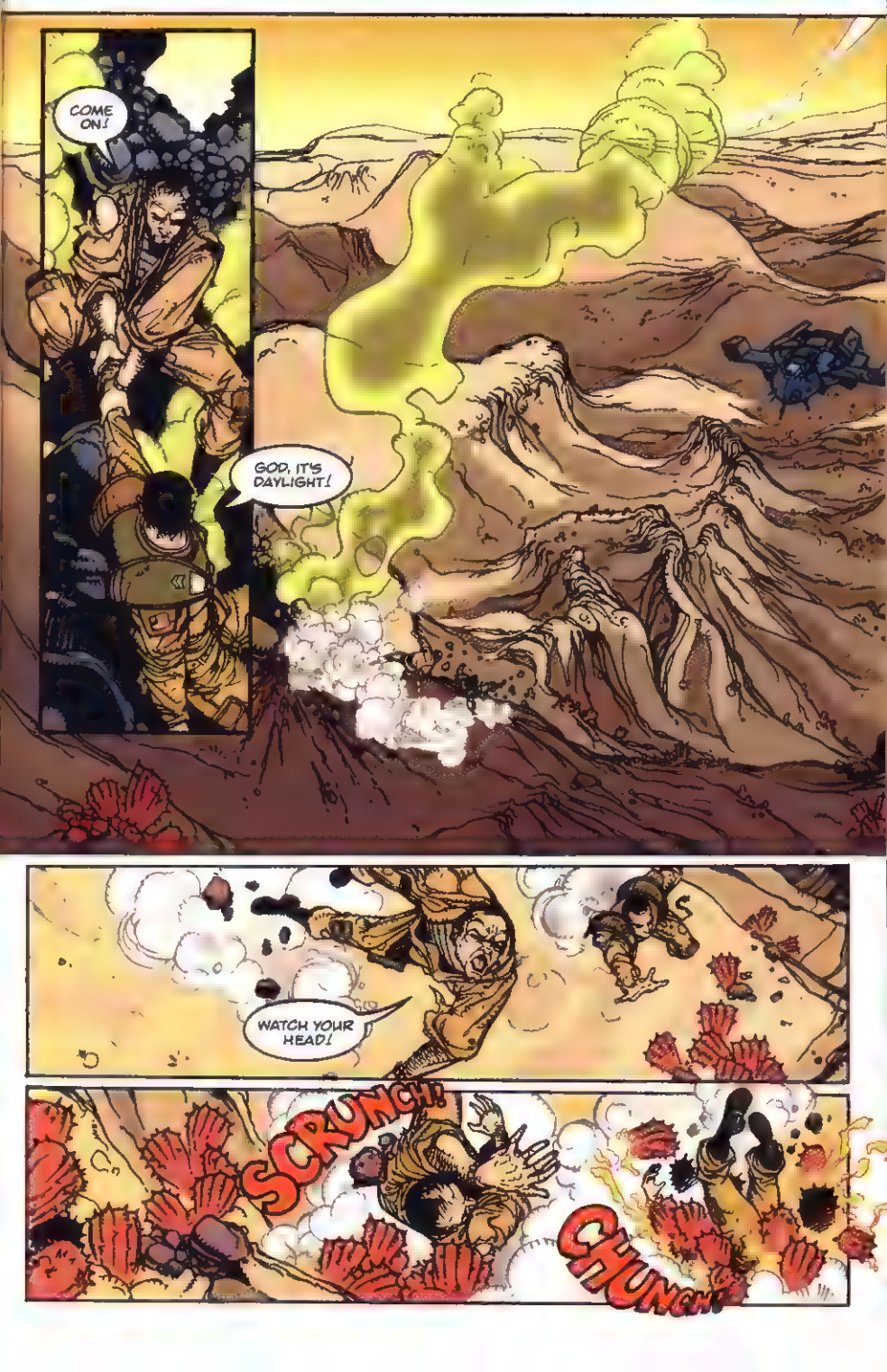

CHOUGHSK!
ZZZZZT... ATTVIO3, COME IN! ATT ZZT V ZT OB, COME IN! WHA ZZZZZZZZZZZZT ZZT OING ON IN THERE? OV ZZZZT!


TUNCK
HURN!
CHUSK
UUUUNNN...

ATTVIO3, WHAT ZZZZZT -OING ON? COME IN ATTVIO3! OVER!
WE'RE COMPLETELY SCREWED! THE CAR IS DESTROYED, EVERYONE'S DEAD, THERE ARE ALIENS EVERYWHERE! GET US OUT OF HERE!

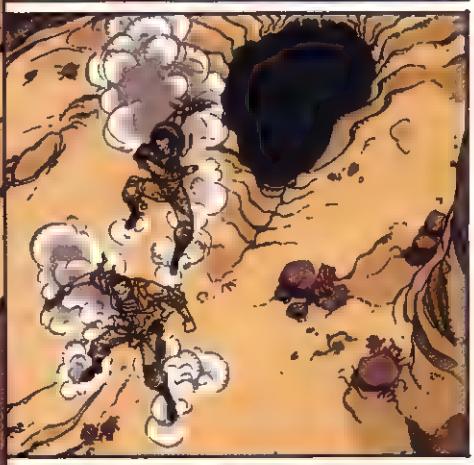
GRENADE RIGHT, CRESPI!
DO YOU HAVE A CODE RED, REPEAT, CODE RED? OVER?
CHIEEEK
CODE RED!? YES, I'D SAY SO, GOD FRIGGIN' DAMN IT!

ATTVIO3, WE MAY NOT COMPROMISE SHIP SAFETY IN RESPONSE TO CODE RED. SORRY CAN YOU GET OUT INTO THE OPEN ?
NO, WE'RE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED!
CRESPI!
OOF!
GET DOWN!
WHOOOM!


COME ON!
GOD, IT'S DAYLIGHT!
WATCH YOUR HEAD!
SCRUNCH!!
CHUNCH!

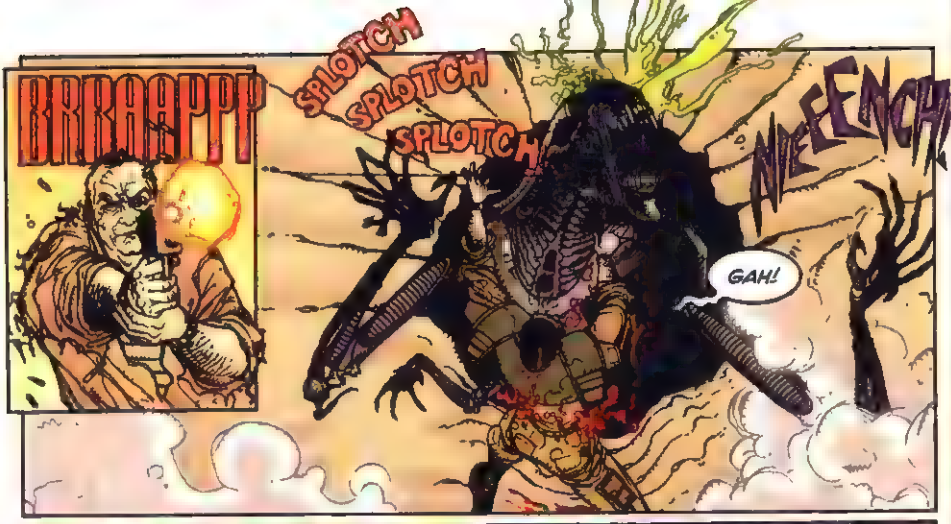
THE SHIP! COME ON, WE CAN MAKE IT!
WHY DON'T THEY BRING IT CLOSER TO US?

YOU KNOW THEY CAN'T! HURRY, CRESPI!
I'M TRYING, DAMMIT!



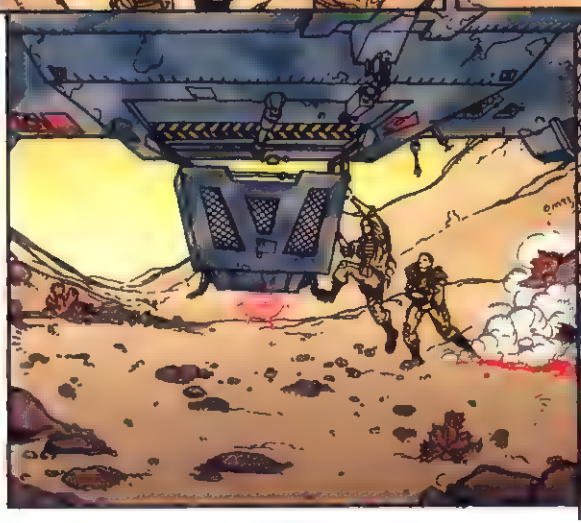
YAAAAH! GOD NO!

SSSSSSSSK
NUH...
KURRRRRRRSK!
GHACK
GOD ALMIGHTY!
SLISH
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
UNNNNNNNNN...!

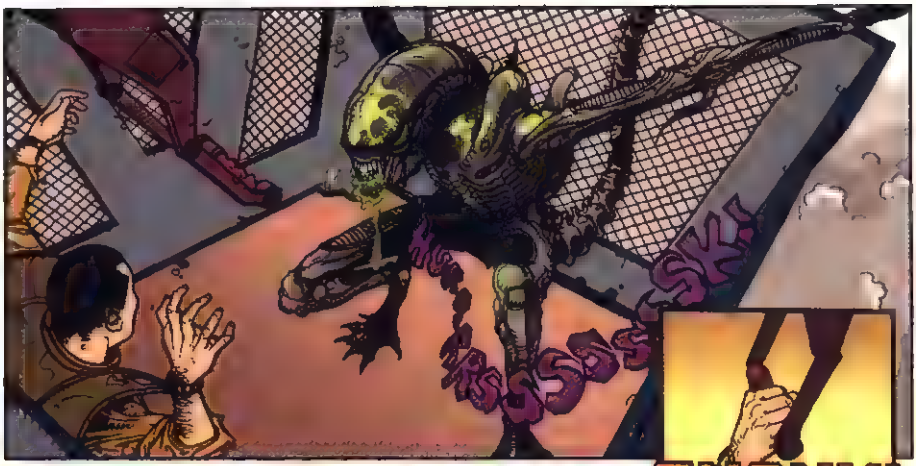

BRRAAPPP
SPLOTCH
SPLOTCH
SPLOTCH
NEEENCH
GAH!

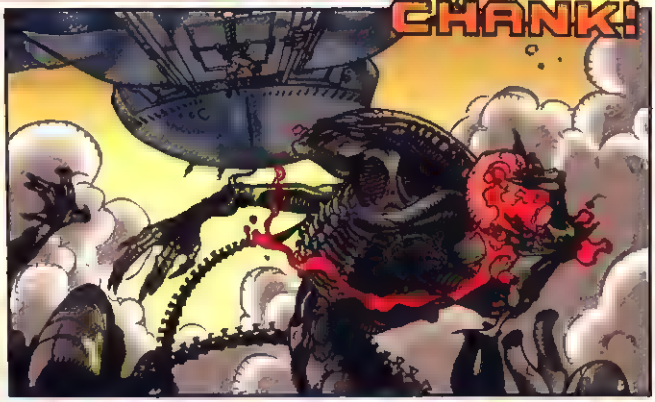
YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO
COME ON, LET'S GO.

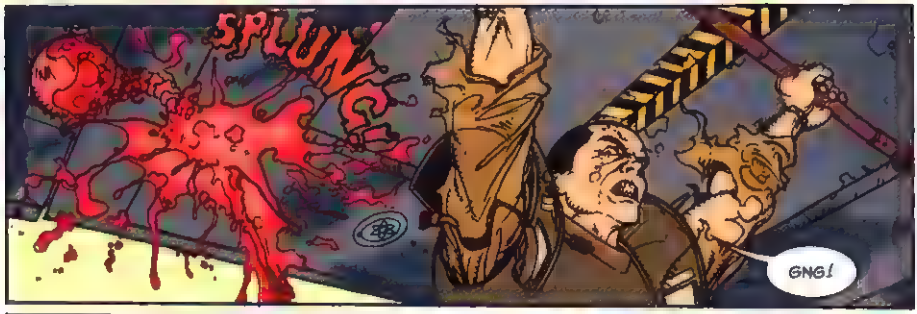
WE'VE GOT TO GET IN THE CLEAR. THEY WON'T OPEN THE LOCK FOR US IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF ALIENS GETTING ON BOARD

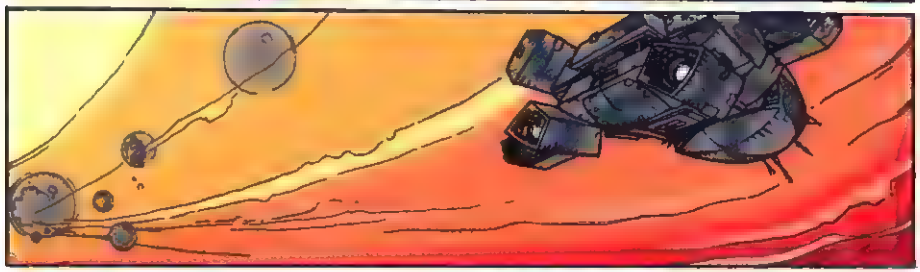


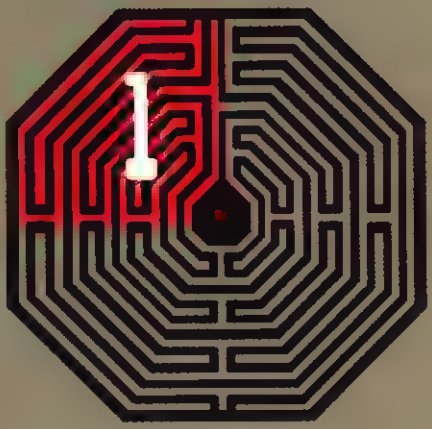
AAAAAAAAAAAH!
GIBBS!
NO!
SCRUNCH
SSSPLURGH
SCURINCHERUNCINCH

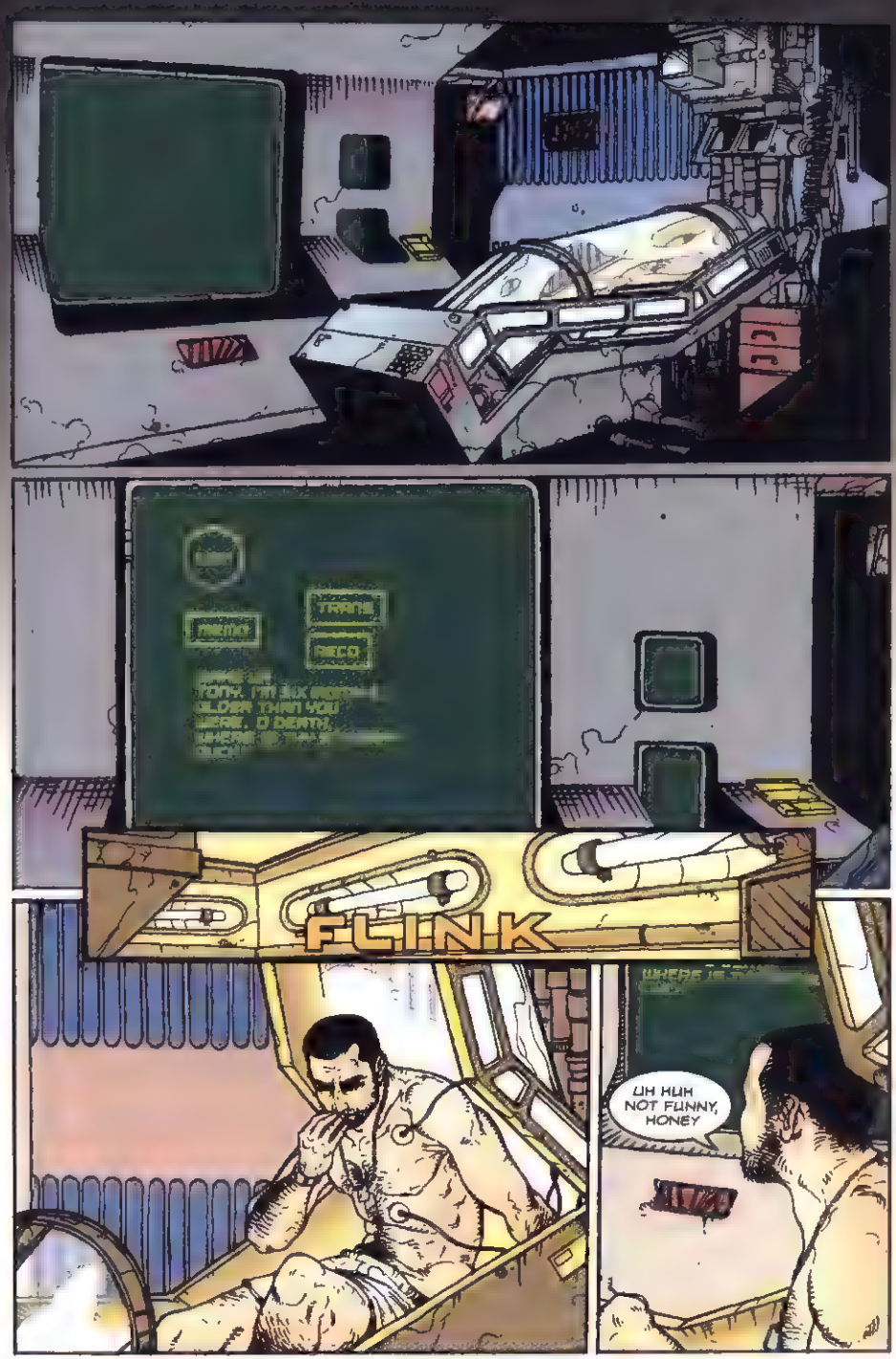

SSSSSSSK!

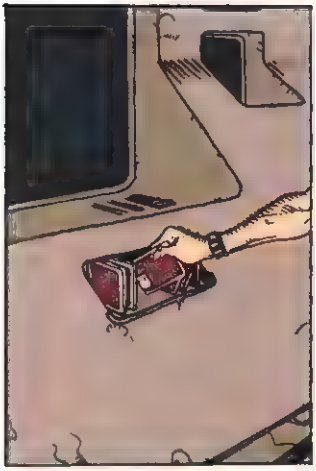

CHANK!

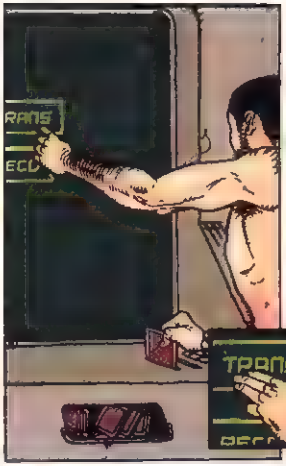

SPLUNG
GNG!

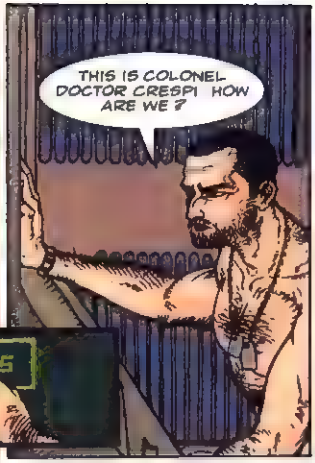



I


TRANS
MEMO
RECO
FLINK
UH HUH NOT FUNNY, HONEY




TRANS


THIS IS COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI HOW ARE WE ?

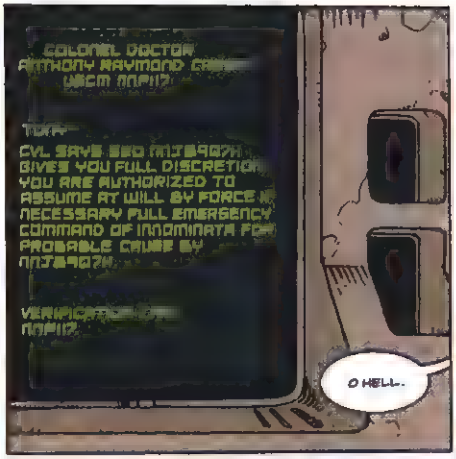
THIS IS LIEUTENANT COLONEL HELLER WE'RE FINE, SIR

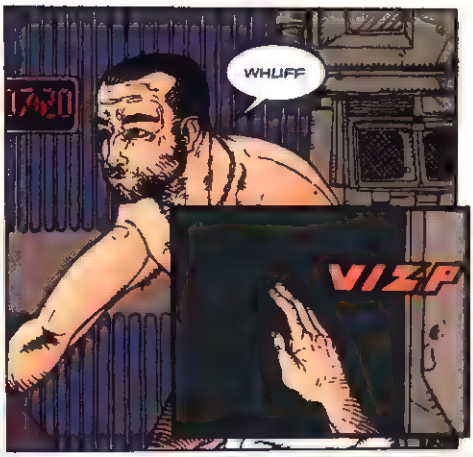
WE DOCK AT THE INNOMINATA AT 09 00 HOURS HOW DID YOU SLEEP SIR ?
LIKE PLASTIC ANYTHING TO RELEASE ?

YES, SIR, THERE IS ONE I WILL RELEASE IT NOW

CODED EITAY
EYES ONLY

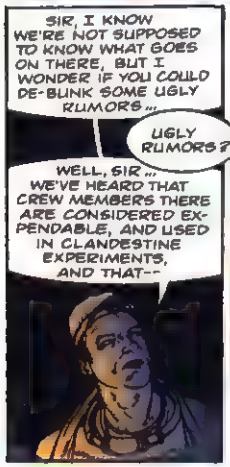
THANK YOU, UH, LIEUTENANT COLONEL . I'LL SEE YOU ON THE BRIDGE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, AFTER I GET CLEANED UP
VERY GOOD, SIR


COLONEL DOCTOR
ANTHONY RAYMOND
CVL SAVE SEO MIJ8907H
GIVES YOU FULL DISCRETION
YOU ARE AUTHORIZED TO
ASSUME AT WILL BY FORCE
NECESSARY FULL EMERGENCY
COMMAND OF INNOMINATA FOR
PROBABLE CAUSE BY
MIJ8907H
O HELL.


WHUFF
VIZP

GREETINGS, ALL.
GREETINGS, SIR

SO, THAT'S SHE WHO CANNOT BE NAMED
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN BEFORE, SIR?
NOPE... NOPE...


SIR, I KNOW WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT GOES ON THERE, BUT I WONDER IF YOU COULD DE-BUNK SOME UGLY RUMORS...
UGLY RUMORS?
WELL, SIR... WE'VE HEARD THAT CREW MEMBERS THERE ARE CONSIDERED EXPENDABLE, AND USED IN CLANDESTINE EXPERIMENTS, AND THAT--

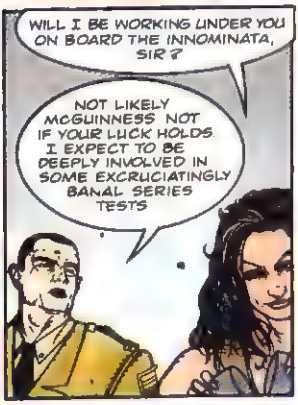
THAT'S ENOUGH, HELLER I WOULDN'T CONCERN MYSELF WITH RUMORS, IF I WERE YOU A MAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE KNOWN AS A GOSSIP

COFFEE, SIR?
NO, THANK YOU SEE YOU AT LANDING, MEN
YES, SIR

SIR!
AT EASE, ALL. AS YOU WERE.
I DON'T FEEL WELL AT ALL, SIR

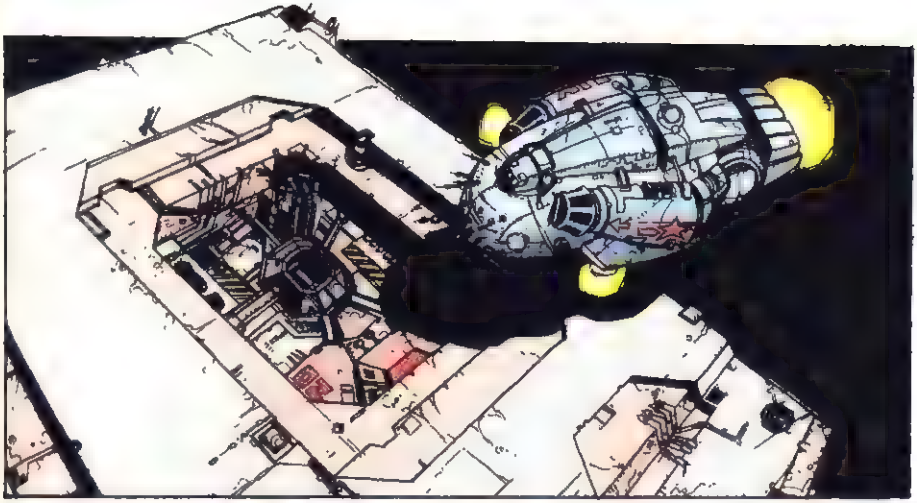
NEITHER DO I, MCGUINNESS. I THINK I MUST FEEL AS BAD AS YOU LOOK
I...

YES, SIR. I'M FEELING FINE NOW, AND I HOPE YOU SOON WILL BE TOO
NO QUESTION, LIEUTENANT YOUR RECOVERY HAS BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL


WILL I BE WORKING UNDER YOU ON BOARD THE INNOMINATA, SIR?
NOT LIKELY MCGUINNESS NOT IF YOUR LUCK HOLDS. I EXPECT TO BE DEEPLY INVOLVED IN SOME EXCRUCIATINGLY BANAL SERIES TESTS

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME THE INNOMINATA IS A LITTLE TOO HUSH-HUSH. TOO NEVERWAS, TOO DIDN'THAPPEN, TO SUIT MY TASTE.
IF THAT'S THE CASE, WHY DID YOU VOLUNTEER FOR THIS TOUR?
GOOD QUESTION

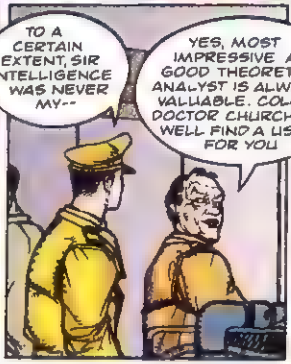
COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI, SIR. COLONEL THOMPSON WISHES TO SEE YOU ON THE UPPER BRIDGE BEFORE LANDING
VERY GOOD

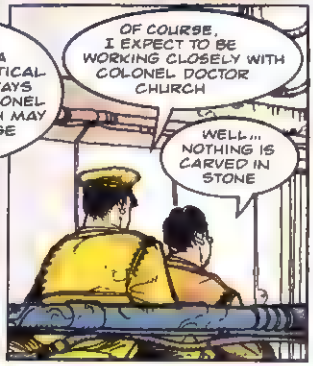


COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI? I M ADMIRAL THAVES
COLONEL DOCTOR ANTHONY CRESPI REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR.

AT EASE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, CRESPI. WELCOME ABOARD THE INNOMINATA
YOU MUST HAVE SOME VERY INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS BACK HOME, CRESPI A LOT OF GOOD MEN WERE IN LINE FOR THIS POST
NO INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS I'M AWARE OF, SIR MY EXPERIENCE--

NO NEPOTISM IMPLIED, CRESPI. YOUR RECORD SPEAKS FOR ITSELF WHAT I'VE SEEN OF IT. MUCH SUB ROSA, EH?


TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, SIR INTELLIGENCE WAS NEVER MY--
YES, MOST IMPRESSIVE A GOOD THEORETICAL ANALYST IS ALWAYS VALUABLE. COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH MAY WELL FIND A USE FOR YOU

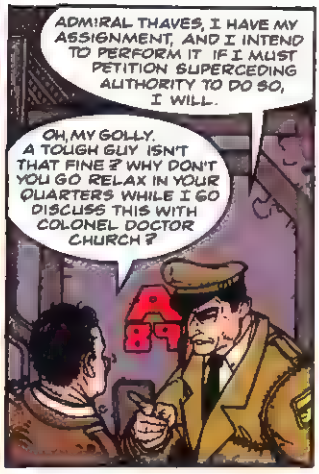

OF COURSE, I EXPECT TO BE WORKING CLOSELY WITH COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH
WELL... NOTHING IS CARVED IN STONE

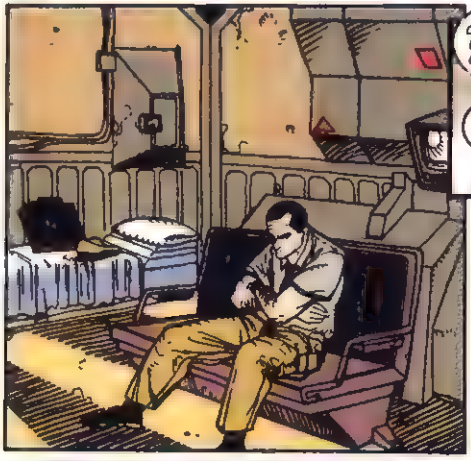
SIR, I HOPE THERE HASN'T BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING. MY ASSIGNMENT IS TO SUCCEED COLONEL DOCTOR LENNOX AS COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH'S RESEARCH PARTNER
THERE'S YOUR QUARTERS, A-89. THERE'S A BRIEFING CARD IN THE PLAYER. GET FAMILIAR WITH THE FLOOR. YOUR ORDERLY IS ON CALL.
A 89
ADMIRAL THAVES, I AM HERE TO WORK WITH COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH, AM I NOT?

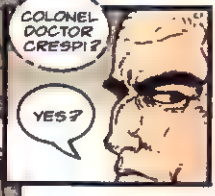
THAT HAS TO BE WORKED OUT. WHY DON'T YOU BRIEF YOURSELF AND HAVE YOUR ORDERLY SHOW YOU AROUND? WE HAVE A LOUNGE THAT MIGHT SURPRISE YOU!
I WOULD PREFER TO MEET COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH AND GET BROUGHT UP TO SPEED RIGHT AWAY, SIR
CRESPI, YOU HAVE AT YOUR DISPOSAL THE BIGGEST RESEARCH AREA ON THIS STATION. YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SET UP AND RUN ANY OPERATION YOU WANT. FOR NOW, THOUGH, WHY DON'T YOU RELAX?

PERHAPS YOU'LL FIND THIS A BIT BLUNT, BUT I'VE FOUND A LITTLE BOY-GIRL ACTION TAKES THE EDGE OFF A LONG COLD SLEEP. NOW, UP IN THE LOUNGE, YOU'LL FIND—
TO BE A BIT BLUNT MYSELF, SIR, ALL I WANT TO DO IS MEET COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH AND GET TO WORK

WELL, I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO INFORM YOU THAT CHURCH HAS DETERMINED THAT HE DOESN'T NEED A NEW SECOND-IN-COMMAND. BUT DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL HAVE EVERY—
A 89
SIR, I RESPECTFULLY REQUEST THAT I MEET WITH COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH IMMEDIATELY.

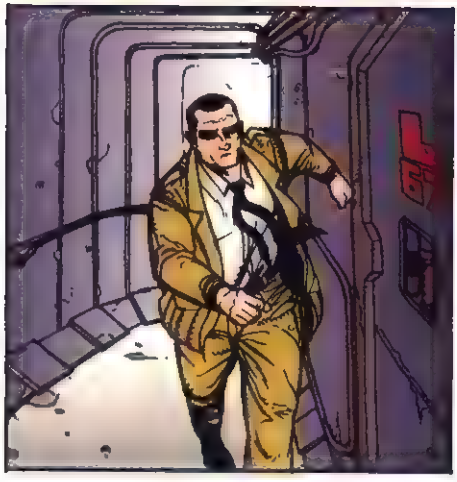




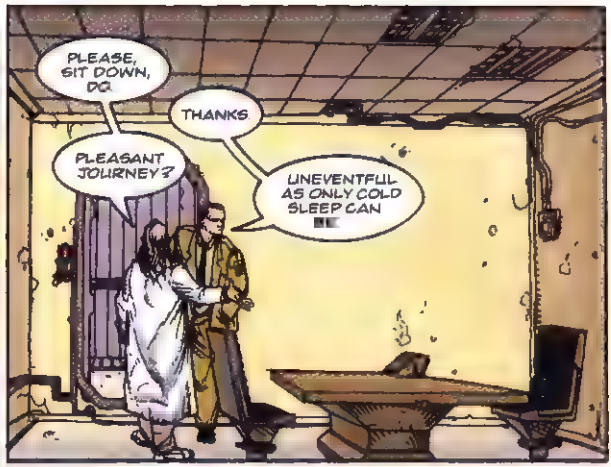


COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH REQUESTS YOUR COMPANY IN L67, SECTOR D.

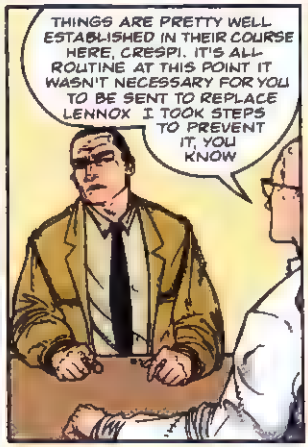
TELL HIM THANKS FOR THE LOUSY BUGGY RIDE

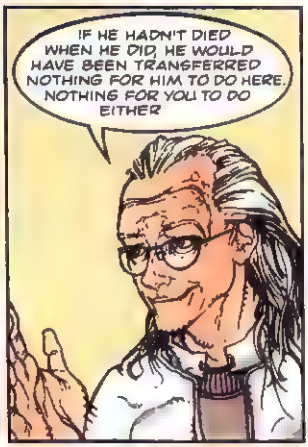


COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI? I'M PAUL CHURCH WON'T YOU COME IN?
THANKS.

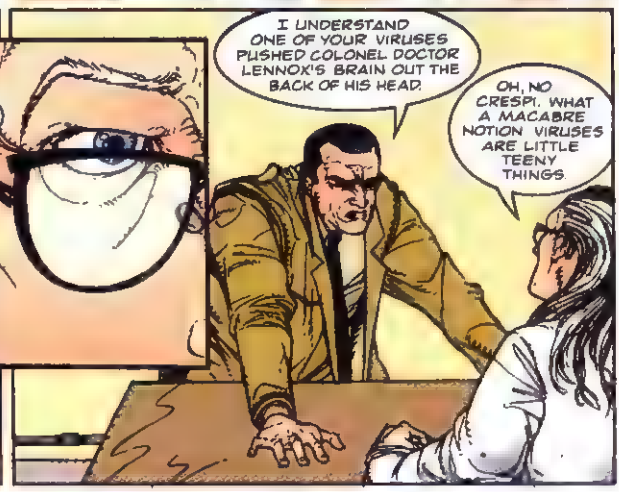

PLEASE, SIT DOWN, DO.
THANKS
PLEASANT JOURNEY?
UNEVENTFUL AS ONLY COLD SLEEP CAN

NO, I DON'T MEAN YOUR TRIP HERE. I MEAN THE MONTHS AHEAD SHALL THEY BE PLEASANT... OR OTHER-WISE?

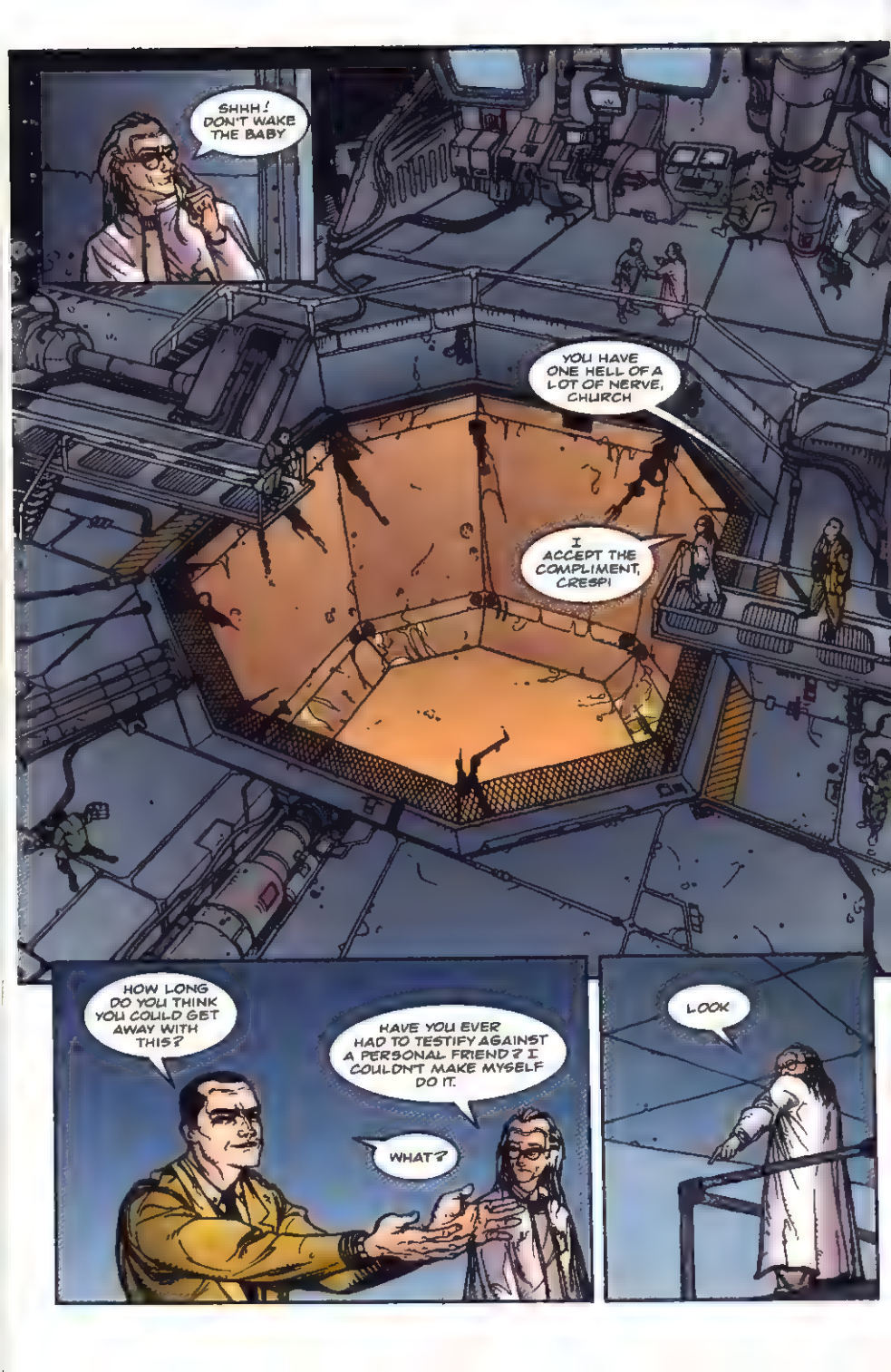

THINGS ARE PRETTY WELL ESTABLISHED IN THEIR COURSE HERE, CRESPI. IT'S ALL ROUTINE AT THIS POINT IT WASN'T NECESSARY FOR YOU TO BE SENT TO REPLACE LENNOX I TOOK STEPS TO PREVENT IT, YOU KNOW

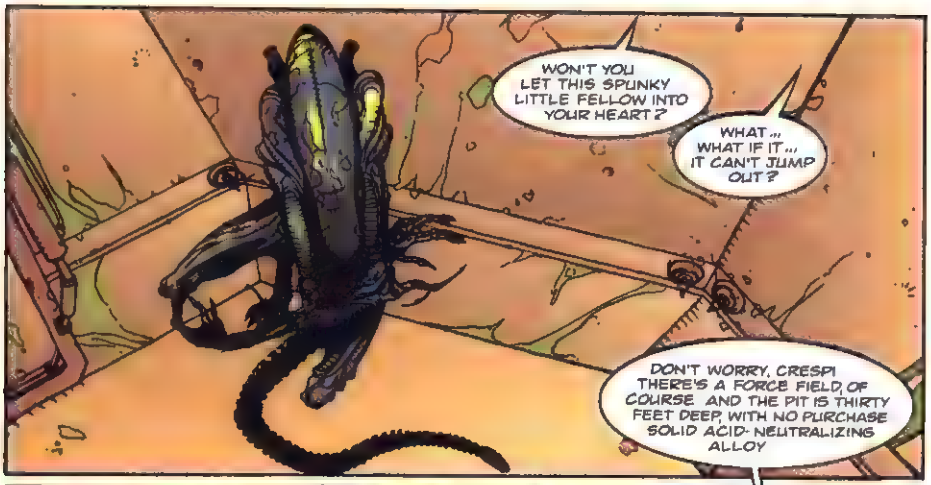

IF HE HADN'T DIED WHEN HE DID, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED NOTHING FOR HIM TO DO HERE. NOTHING FOR YOU TO DO EITHER

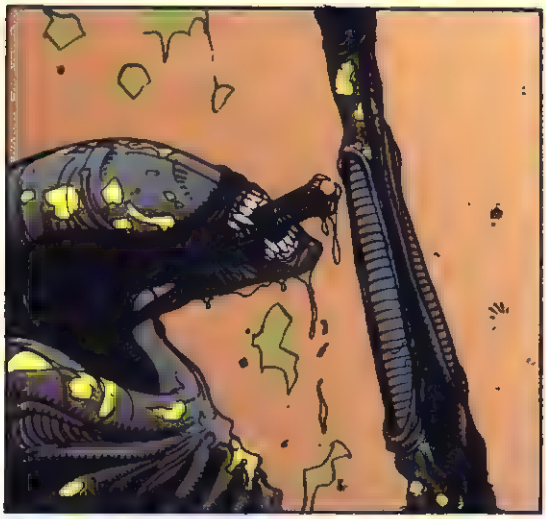
MY RESEARCH HAS BEEN DOWN-SIZED HARDLY ENOUGH TO KEEP ME ENGAGED SPACEBORNE VIRUS TYPING...
...DULL STUFF

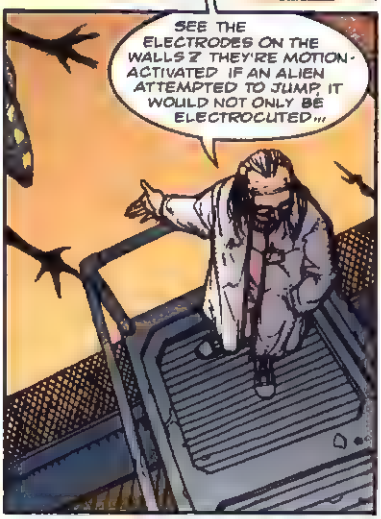

I UNDERSTAND ONE OF YOUR VIRUSES PUSHED COLONEL DOCTOR LENNOX'S BRAIN OUT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.
OH, NO CRESPI. WHAT A MACABRE NOTION VIRUSES ARE LITTLE TEENY THINGS.

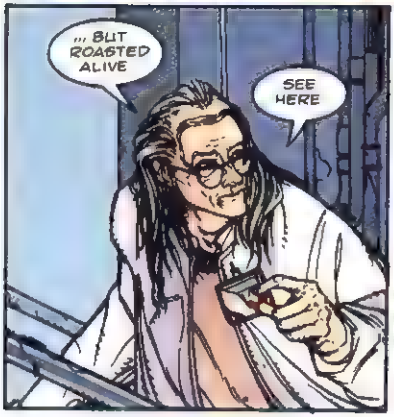
CHURCH, MY TOLERANCE FOR BALONEY IS PRACTICALLY NIL. IF YOU WON'T SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH ME, YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHY TO A BOARD OF REVIEW.
THE OTHER BOYS WON'T PLAY FAIR AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO CALL DAD I'M DISAPPOINTED BY YOUR LACK OF RESOURCEFULNESS
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, CRESPI. YOUR SUPERIORS HAVE TOSSED YOU INTO THE INNOMINATA LIKE CAVE MEN THROWING A DOG INTO A POND TO FETCH THEIR REFLECTIONS
WELL...
COME ON, LET'S GO. I'LL SHOW YOU MY SETUP
AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL ONLY
BEYOND THIS
O'HARA, LAWLESS, THIS IS COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI. HE'LL BE WORKING WITH ME IN G LAB
I'LL NEED TO BE PUT ON THE BIOSCAN ASAP, OF COURSE
HMMMMM? OH, THERE'S NO HURRY...
WE'LL SEE HOW THINGS WORK OUT
LET ME REMIND YOU, CHURCH, THAT YOU ARE NOT MY SUPERIOR OFFICER. ALL THIS LATERAL OBSTRUCTION IS GOING TO SERVE YOU VERY POORLY
CAN YOU STILL GET GOOD CHOCOLATE ON EARTH? I HEARD THEY'D STOPPED MAKING IT.


SHHH! DON'T WAKE THE BABY
YOU HAVE ONE HELL OF A LOT OF NERVE, CHURCH
I ACCEPT THE COMPLIMENT, CRESPI
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH THIS?
HAVE YOU EVER HAD TO TESTIFY AGAINST A PERSONAL FRIEND? I COULDN'T MAKE MYSELF DO IT.
WHAT?
LOOK


WON'T YOU LET THIS SPUNKY LITTLE FELLOW INTO YOUR HEART?
WHAT... WHAT IF IT... IT CAN'T JUMP OUT?
DON'T WORRY, CRESP! THERE'S A FORCE FIELD, OF COURSE AND THE PIT IS THIRTY FEET DEEP, WITH NO PURCHASE SOLID ACID-NEUTRALIZING ALLOY




SEE THE ELECTRODES ON THE WALLS? THEY'RE MOTION-ACTIVATED IF AN ALIEN ATTEMPTED TO JUMP, IT WOULD NOT ONLY BE ELECTROCUTED...

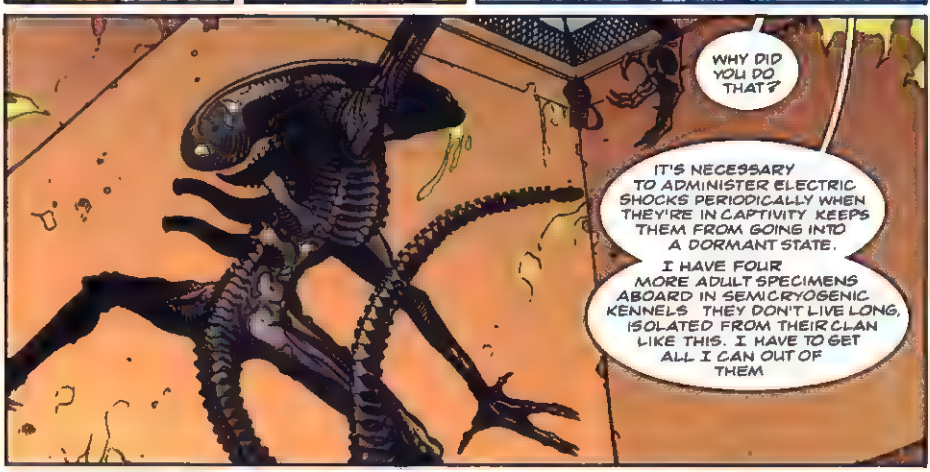

...BUT ROASTED ALIVE
SEE HERE

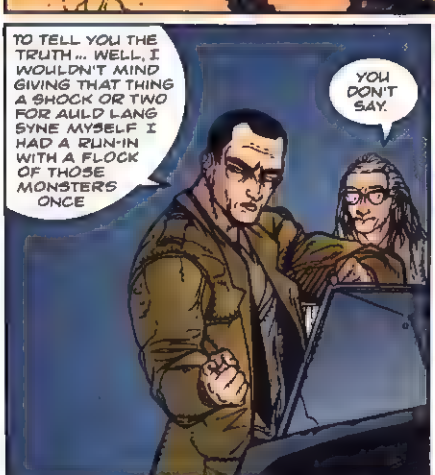
THIS WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THE EXTENT OF THIS OPERATION

THIS MUST UTILIZE HALF THE INNOMINATA'S NONRENEWABLE RESOURCES
MORE LIKE FIVE-EIGHTHS

WHY ARE YOU SO EAGER TO HELP ME SHUT YOU DOWN?
ASK ME LATER HEADS UP

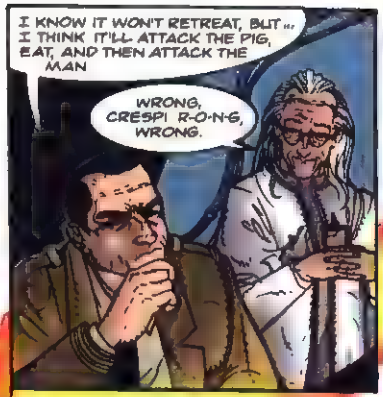
BZZZZZZ
SKRZHHEZELK

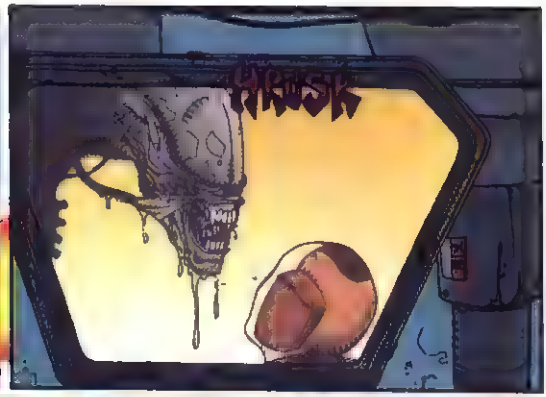

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
IT'S NECESSARY TO ADMINISTER ELECTRIC SHOCKS PERIODICALLY WHEN THEY'RE IN CAPTIVITY KEEPS THEM FROM GOING INTO A DORMANT STATE.
I HAVE FOUR MORE ADULT SPECIMENS ABOARD IN SEMICRYOGENIC KENNELS THEY DON'T LIVE LONG, ISOLATED FROM THEIR CLAN LIKE THIS. I HAVE TO GET ALL I CAN OUT OF THEM

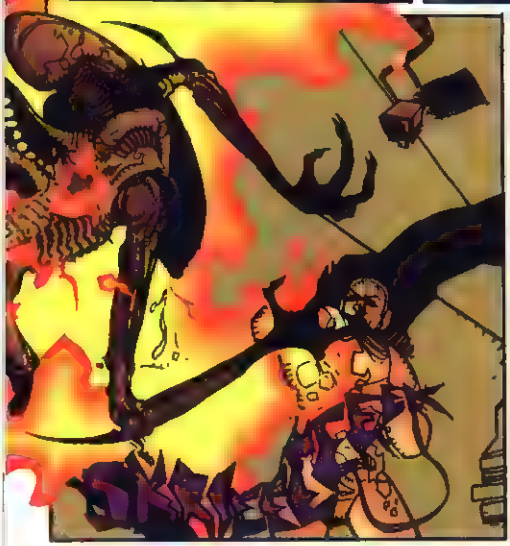

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH... WELL, I WOULDN'T MIND GIVING THAT THING A SHOCK OR TWO FOR AULD LANG SYNE MYSELF I HAD A RUN-IN WITH A FLOCK OF THOSE MONSTERS ONCE
YOU DON'T SAY.

YES... NINE YEARS AGO ON SOLANO'S MOON THEY ATTACKED MY SQUADRON. KILLED EVERYONE BUT ME
WE KNEW THEY WERE DANGEROUS, OF COURSE, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW THEY... HOW THEY WERE.

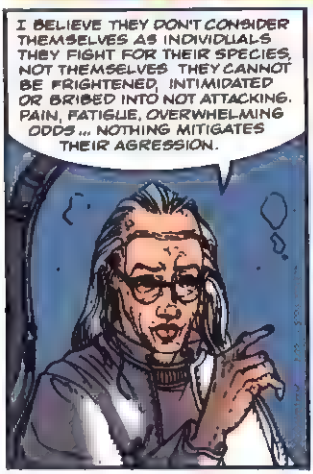
ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT SKIN, THAT STINK, FLASHES OF TUBES AND DROOL, AND THOSE TEETH. AND BLOOD MY CAPTAIN HAD HIS HEAD CORED LIKE AN APPLE
DEAR ME HOW AWFUL FOR YOU
SAY, DIDN'T I READ THAT YOU SURVIVED AN ENCOUNTER AS WELL?
SIR, THE SYSTEM IS READY
VERY GOOD HAWKS, THIS IS COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI HE'S HERE TO UNCOVER OUR ILLEGAL OPERATION.
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR. ILLEGAL OPERATION? I DON'T UNDERSTAND
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HAWKS NEITHER DOES HE. JUST STEP OVER HERE, CRESPI.
THAT DOOR LEADS TO A MAZE ONCE INSIDE, THE CREATURE WILL BE CONFRONTED WITH CHOICES
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN SECOND GUESS ITS BEHAVIOR
THERE'S A MAN IN THERE!
YES ALIENS DON'T HAVE EYES THEY CAN'T BE FOOLED BY HOLOGRAMS
BUT DON'T WORRY; I'VE TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION WHEN THE ALIEN ATTACKS, THE AUTOMATIC SENSORS WILL ACTIVATE THE ELECTRODES
NOW, CRESPI, THAT ALIEN IS STARVING, AND AS YOU MAY KNOW, ALIENS ARE VERY FOND OF PIG WHAT WILL IT DO?


I KNOW IT WON'T RETREAT, BUT ... I THINK IT'LL ATTACK THE PIG, EAT, AND THEN ATTACK THE MAN
WRONG, CRESPI! R-O-N-G, WRONG.

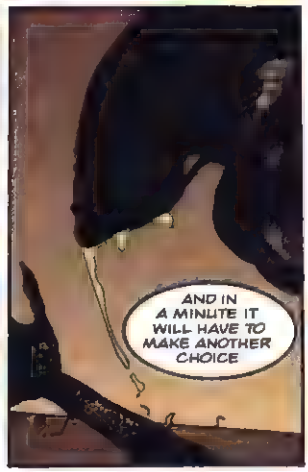

CRUSH



AS YOU SAW, IT DIDN'T HESITATE. IT WILL STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE IT WILL NEGLECT AN OPPORTUNITY TO ATTACK AN ENEMY.

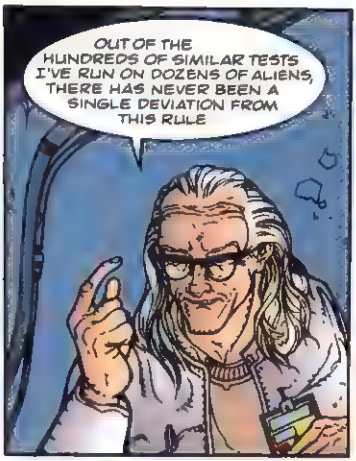

I BELIEVE THEY DON'T CONSIDER THEMSELVES AS INDIVIDUALS. THEY FIGHT FOR THEIR SPECIES, NOT THEMSELVES. THEY CANNOT BE FRIGHTENED, INTIMIDATED OR BRIBED INTO NOT ATTACKING. PAIN, FATIGUE, OVERWHELMING ODDS ... NOTHING MITIGATES THEIR AGRESSION.

AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S UP AND AT 'EM AGAIN.


AND IN A MINUTE IT WILL HAVE TO MAKE ANOTHER CHOICE

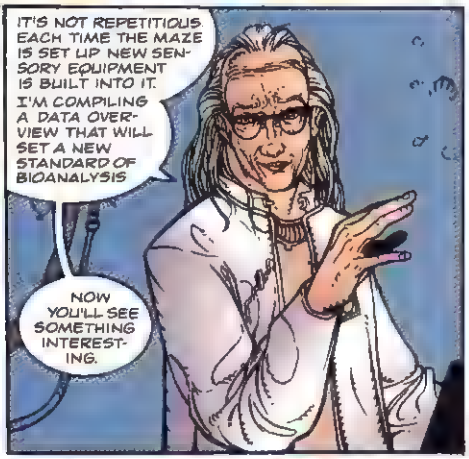
HERE IT IS CONFRONTED WITH A CHOICE BETWEEN FOOD AND THE POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE
THAT SMALL TUNNEL LEADS TO A STORAGE ROOM. THE ALIEN CAN SENSE THAT DOWN THAT TUNNEL THERE ARE NO MEN IF IT WANTS TO ESCAPE, THAT'S THE ROUTE TO TAKE
EEEEEEE
SPLUNCH
BINZETTE
THAT'S JUST ABOUT ENOUGH
CAN'T LET IT EAT TOO MUCH. IF IT GORGES IN ITS WEAKENED CONDITION, IT MAY DIE

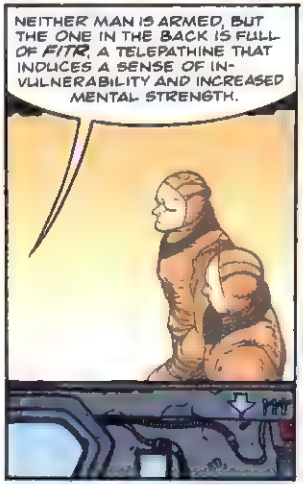
I'M SURE YOU NOTICED THAT IT DIDN'T JUST KILL THAT PIG. IT PRACTICALLY SWAM IN IT. FEARFUL PREY SEEMS TO ATTRACT ALIENS AND STIMULATE THEM TO MAKE ESPECIALLY MESSY KILLS.
I DON'T THINK IT'S A FORM OF PLAY, EXACTLY, BUT THEY DO SEEM TO ENJOY IT.
CARE TO GUESS WHICH ONE IT'LL ATTACK?
UH... THE ARMED MAN?
HSSSS
BIZZZISSST
HURRSSSK
HAH! GOOD CALL, CRESPI! AN ALIEN WILL ALWAYS ATTACK A PERCEIVED THREAT

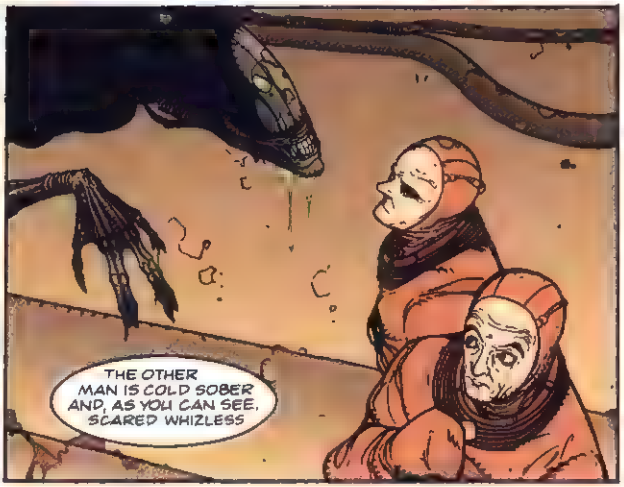

OUT OF THE HUNDREDS OF SIMILAR TESTS I'VE RUN ON DOZENS OF ALIENS, THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A SINGLE DEVIATION FROM THIS RULE

HUNDREDS OF TESTS? DOZENS OF ALIENS? WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS TANTAMOUNT TO A CONFESSION, CHURCH

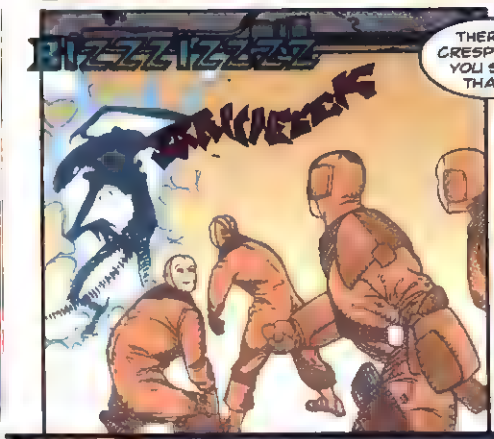
BUT LET'S OVERLOOK THAT FOR THE TIME BEING. YOU'VE DETERMINED SOME EXTREMELY SIMPLE BEHAVIOR PATTERNS WHAT IS THE POINT OF SO MUCH REPEAT EXPERIMENTATION?


IT'S NOT REPETITIOUS. EACH TIME THE MAZE IS SET UP NEW SENSORY EQUIPMENT IS BUILT INTO IT.
I'M COMPILING A DATA OVERVIEW THAT WILL SET A NEW STANDARD OF BIOANALYSIS
NOW YOU'LL SEE SOMETHING INTERESTING.

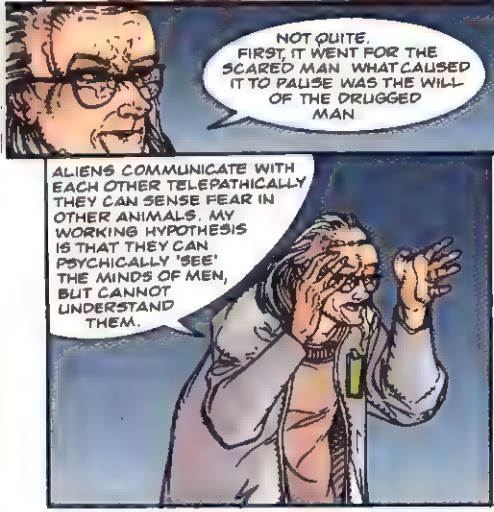

NEITHER MAN IS ARMED, BUT THE ONE IN THE BACK IS FULL OF *FITR*, A TELEPATHINE THAT INDUCES A SENSE OF INVULNERABILITY AND INCREASED MENTAL STRENGTH.

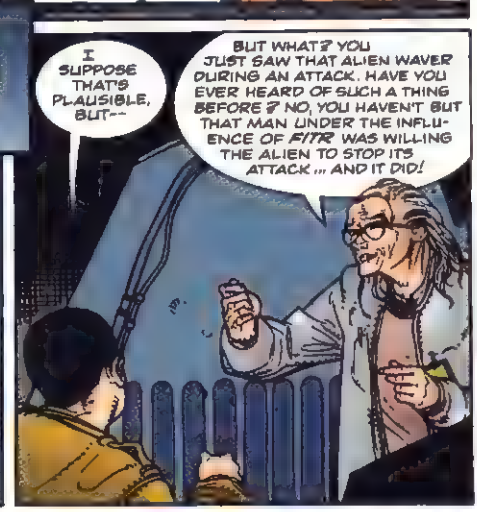

THE OTHER MAN IS COLD SOBER AND, AS YOU CAN SEE, SCARED WHIZLESS

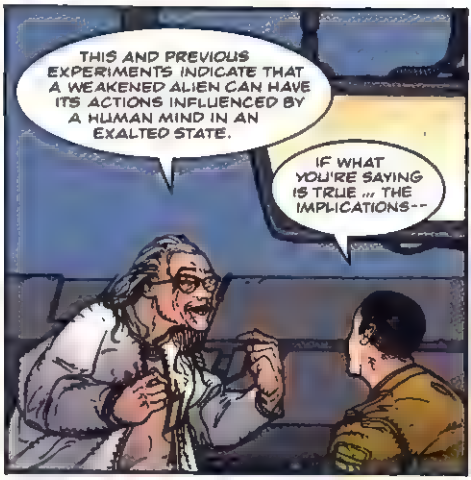
AIEYAAAAAH!

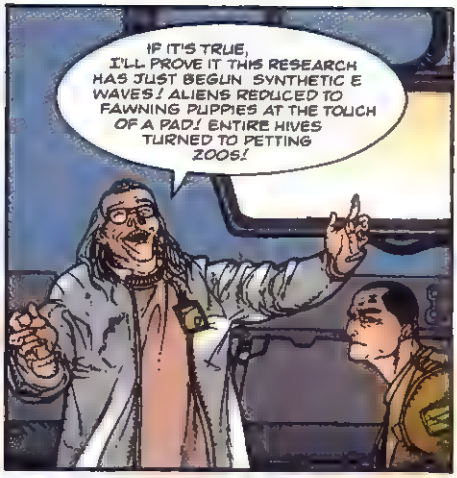

BUZZZZZZZZZ
CRACKEEEEK
THERE, CRESPI! DID YOU SEE THAT!?

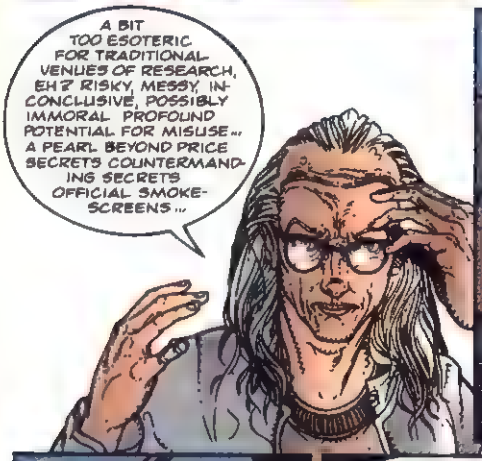
I'M NOT SURE WHAT I SAW THE ALIEN STARTED TO ATTACK BUT THEN ACTED AS IF IT CHANGED ITS MIND.


NOT QUITE. FIRST, IT WENT FOR THE SCARED MAN WHAT CAUSED IT TO PAUSE WAS THE WILL OF THE DRUGGED MAN
ALIENS COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER TELEPATHICALLY THEY CAN SENSE FEAR IN OTHER ANIMALS. MY WORKING HYPOTHESIS IS THAT THEY CAN PSYCHICALLY 'SEE' THE MINDS OF MEN, BUT CANNOT UNDERSTAND THEM.

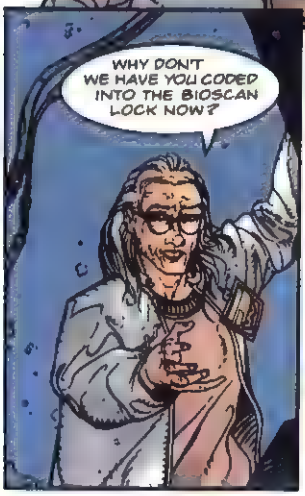

I SUPPOSE THAT'S PLAUSIBLE, BUT--
BUT WHAT? YOU JUST SAW THAT ALIEN WAVER DURING AN ATTACK. HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING BEFORE? NO, YOU HAVEN'T BUT THAT MAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF FITR WAS WILLING THE ALIEN TO STOP ITS ATTACK ... AND IT DID!


THIS AND PREVIOUS EXPERIMENTS INDICATE THAT A WEAKENED ALIEN CAN HAVE ITS ACTIONS INFLUENCED BY A HUMAN MIND IN AN EXALTED STATE.
IF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS TRUE ... THE IMPLICATIONS--


IF IT'S TRUE, I'LL PROVE IT THIS RESEARCH HAS JUST BEGUN SYNTHETIC E WAVES! ALIENS REDUCED TO FAWNING PUPPIES AT THE TOUCH OF A PAD! ENTIRE HIVES TURNED TO PETTING ZOOS!

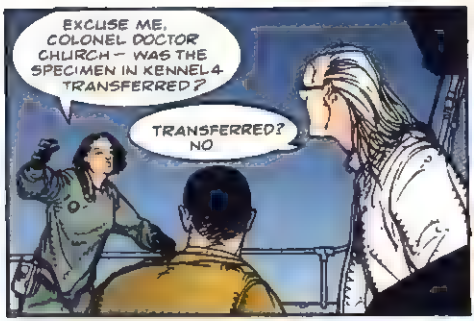

A BIT TOO ESOTERIC FOR TRADITIONAL VENUES OF RESEARCH, EH? RISKY, MESSY, INCONCLUSIVE, POSSIBLY IMMORAL PROFOUND POTENTIAL FOR MISUSE... A PEARL BEYOND PRICE SECRETS COUNTERMANDING SECRETS OFFICIAL SMOKE-SCREENS...

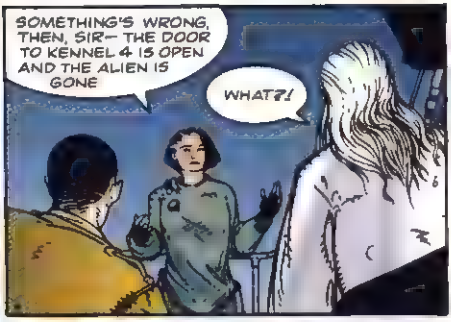
...TOP INVESTIGATIVE MEN SENT TO SEE HOW MUCH CAN BE FOUND OUT.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?


WHY DON'T WE HAVE YOU CODED INTO THE BIOSCAN LOCK NOW?

HOW MANY CREW MEMBERS HAVE DIED DURING THE COURSE OF YOUR RESEARCH?
IT DEPENDS ON WHO YOU ASK

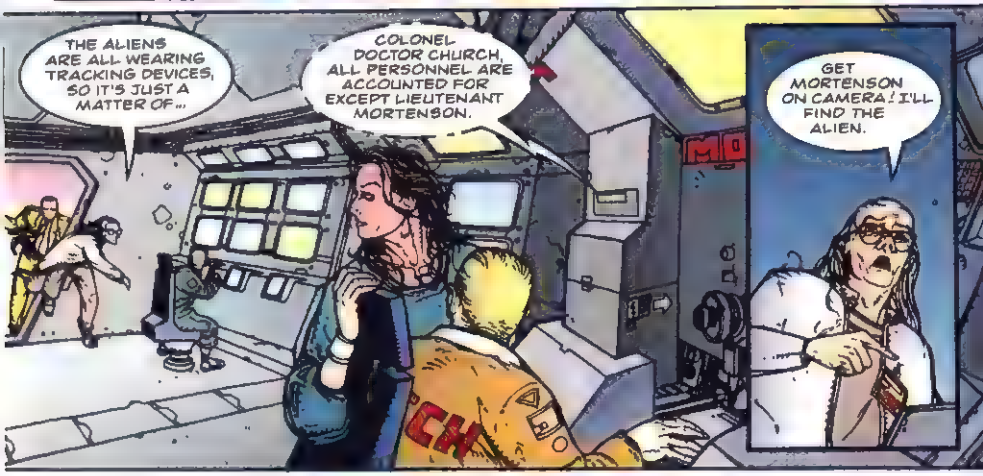
I'M ASKING YOU
NONE

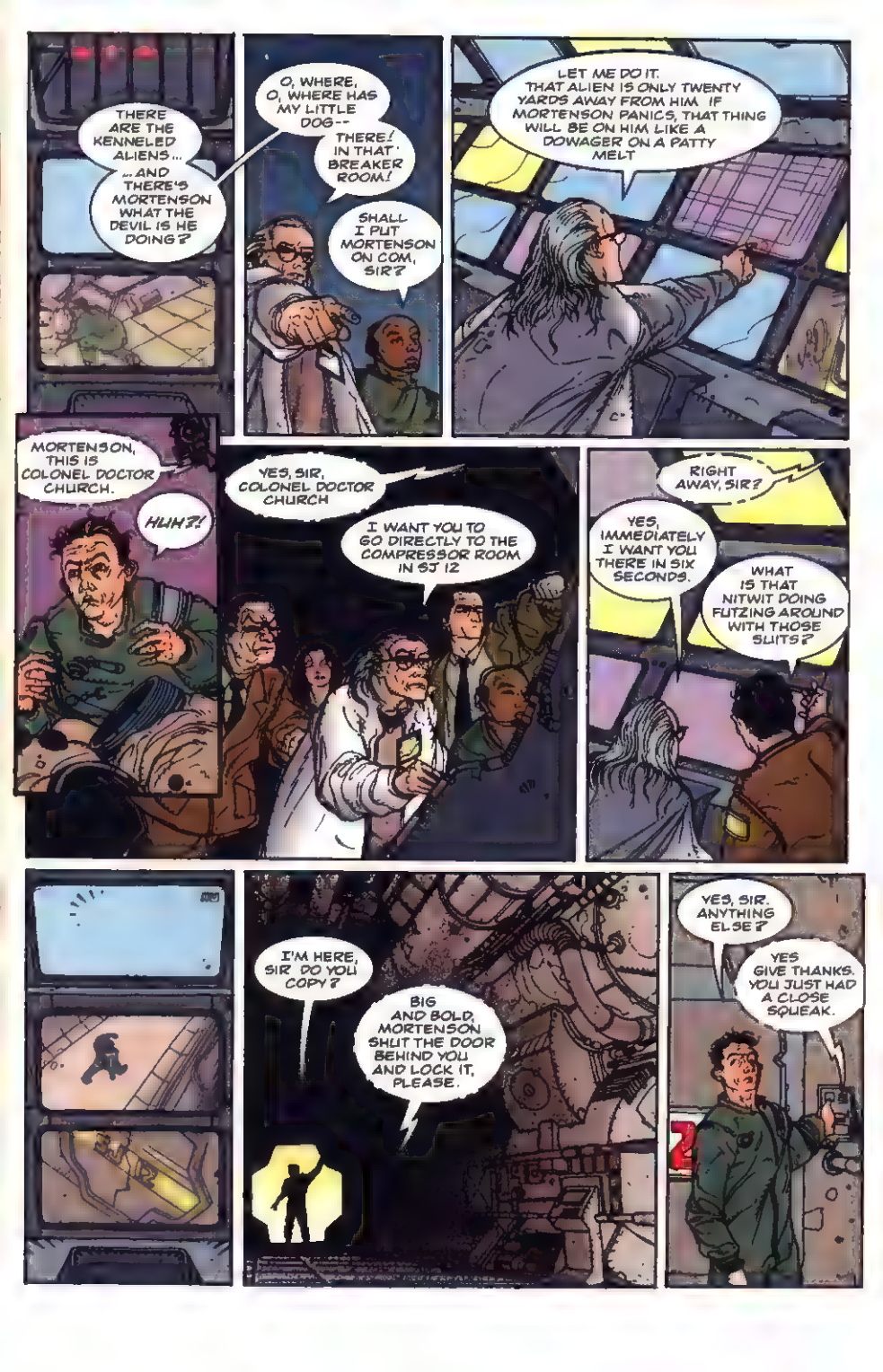

EXCUSE ME, COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH – WAS THE SPECIMEN IN KENNEL 4 TRANSFERRED?
TRANSFERRED? NO

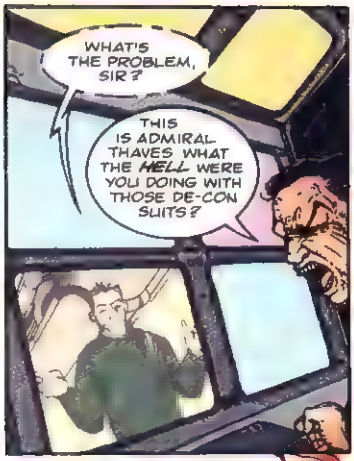

SOMETHING'S WRONG, THEN, SIR– THE DOOR TO KENNEL 4 IS OPEN AND THE ALIEN IS GONE
WHAT?!

WILLIAMS, SECURE THE FLOOR, THEN GET TO THE SYSTEMS MONITORS BRIGGS, INFORM ADMIRAL THAVES WEBSTER, GET ME A HEAD COUNT
YES, SIR!

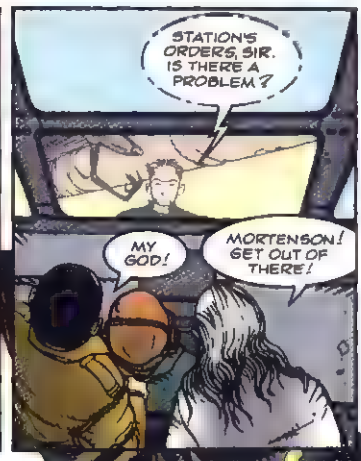
SECURE THIS DOOR GET REINFORCEMENTS AND COVER THE LAB PERIMETER!
YESSIR!


THE ALIENS ARE ALL WEARING TRACKING DEVICES, SO IT'S JUST A MATTER OF...
COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH, ALL PERSONNEL ARE ACCOUNTED FOR EXCEPT LIEUTENANT MORTENSON.
GET MORTENSON ON CAMERA! I'LL FIND THE ALIEN.


THERE ARE THE KENNELED ALIENS...
...AND THERE'S MORTENSON WHAT THE DEVIL IS HE DOING?
O, WHERE, O, WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG--
THERE! IN THAT BREAKER ROOM!
SHALL I PUT MORTENSON ON COM, SIR?
LET ME DO IT. THAT ALIEN IS ONLY TWENTY YARDS AWAY FROM HIM IF MORTENSON PANICS, THAT THING WILL BE ON HIM LIKE A DOWAGER ON A PATTY MELT
MORTENSON, THIS IS COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH.
HUH?!
YES, SIR, COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH
I WANT YOU TO GO DIRECTLY TO THE COMPRESSOR ROOM IN SJ 12
RIGHT AWAY, SIR?
YES, IMMEDIATELY I WANT YOU THERE IN SIX SECONDS.
WHAT IS THAT NITWIT DOING FUTZING AROUND WITH THOSE SUITS?
I'M HERE, SIR DO YOU COPY?
BIG AND BOLD, MORTENSON SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND YOU AND LOCK IT, PLEASE.
YES, SIR. ANYTHING ELSE?
YES GIVE THANKS. YOU JUST HAD A CLOSE SQUEAK.


WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, SIR?
THIS IS ADMIRAL THAVES WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOING WITH THOSE DE-CON SUITS?

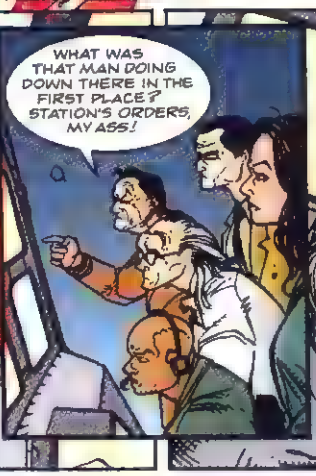
I WAS CHANGING THE FILTERS, SIR
ON WHOSE AUTHORITY?


STATION'S ORDERS, SIR. IS THERE A PROBLEM?
MY GOD!
MORTENSON! GET OUT OF THERE!

BUT, SIR, I WAS JUST--

YAAAAAH!

HAWKINS YOU AND STOCKDALE, SUIT UP AND SUBDUE THAT CREATURE.
YES, SIR!

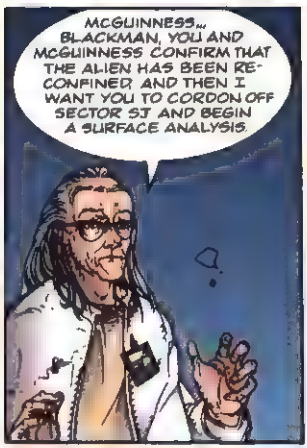

WHAT WAS THAT MAN DOING DOWN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE? STATION'S ORDERS, MY ASS!

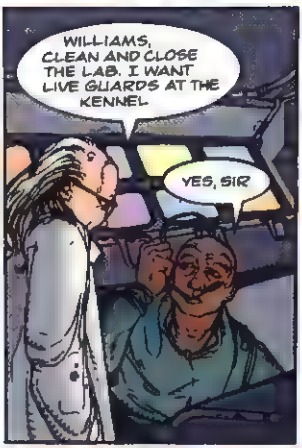
SIR, IF I MAY RESPECTFULLY SUBMIT...

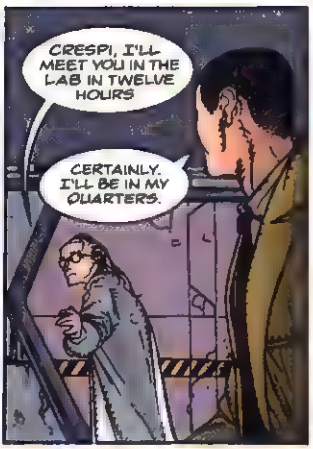
... WHATEVER HE WAS DOING THERE IS NOW A MATTER OF SECONDARY IMPORTANCE.

CHURCH, I EXPECT THE RESULTS OF A COMPREHENSIVE INVESTIGATION IN MY HANDS IN TEN HOURS.
YES, SIR

BLACKMAN, YOU AND ... UH, WHO ARE YOU?
SHARON MCGUINNESS, TFC, SIR


MCGUINNESS... BLACKMAN, YOU AND MCGUINNESS CONFIRM THAT THE ALIEN HAS BEEN RE-CONFINED AND THEN I WANT YOU TO CORDON OFF SECTOR 57 AND BEGIN A SURFACE ANALYSIS.

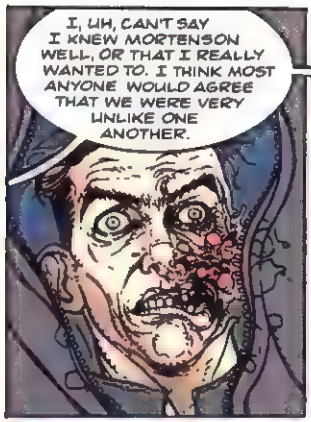

WILLIAMS, CLEAN AND CLOSE THE LAB. I WANT LIVE GUARDS AT THE KENNEL
YES, SIR


CRESPI, I'LL MEET YOU IN THE LAB IN TWELVE HOURS
CERTAINLY. I'LL BE IN MY QUARTERS.

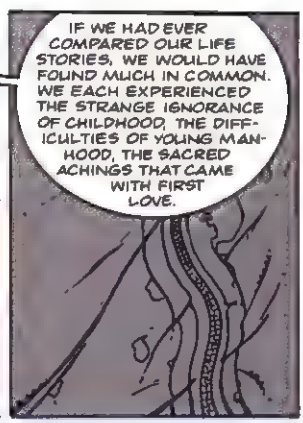
YES?
IT'S LIEUTENANT MCGUINNESS, SIR
COME IN MCGUINNESS.

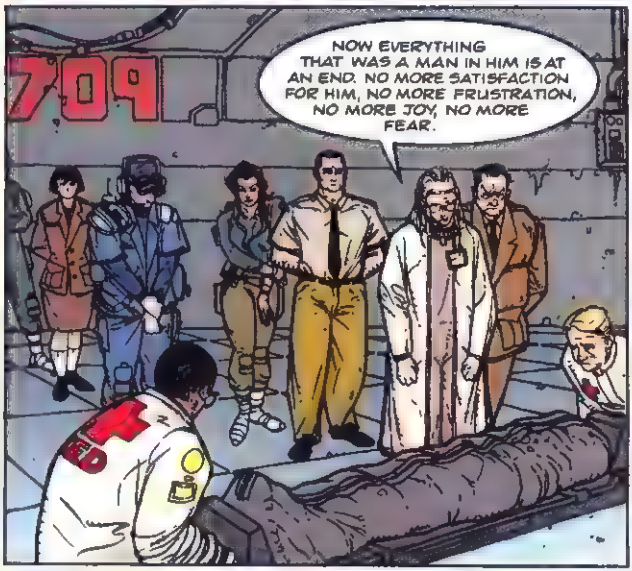
MAY I SIT DOWN, SIR?
YES, OF COURSE

I THOUGHT YOU'D STILL BE AT THE ACCIDENT SITE
WE DID SOME PRELIM AND SPECIFICATION, AND NOW THE SWEEPS ARE DOWN THERE
FIND ANYTHING?
THE TRACKING DEVICE ON THE ESCAPED ALIEN HAD BEEN CUT OFF CLIT, AS WITH A BLADE IT WAS IN THE BREAKER ROOM. NO ALIEN RESIDUE
OH BOY
IN THE GENERATOR ROOM WE FOUND A SUBSTANCE SMEARED ON THE PIPES WHERE THE ALIEN WAS HIDING SMELLED LIKE PHEROMONE
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO HEAR THIS.
IT GETS WORSE MORTENSON WAS THERE CHANGING THE DE-CON SUIT FILTERS ON STATION'S ORDERS, ALL RIGHT THE KENNEL DOOR LOCK WAS OPENED BY THE STATION TOO
YOU'RE SAYING THIS WAS A DELIBERATE KILLING?
IT SURE LOOKS THAT WAY
YOU'RE A CLASS THREE SYSTEMS TECH CAN YOU UNSCRAMBLE THE STATION CODE AND TRACE THAT ORDER ON THE MAINLINE?
NOT WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION
YOU HAVE IT. SUB-ROSA, MCGUINNESS. DON'T GET CAUGHT REPORT ONLY TO ME DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES, SIR
I WANT THIS TO BE OUR LITTLE SECRET

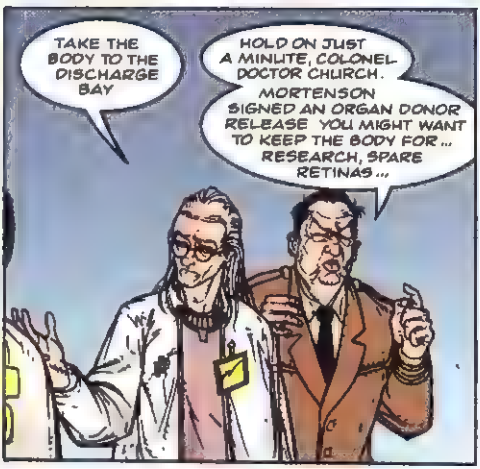

I, UH, CAN'T SAY I KNEW MORTENSON WELL, OR THAT I REALLY WANTED TO. I THINK MOST ANYONE WOULD AGREE THAT WE WERE VERY UNLIKE ONE ANOTHER.

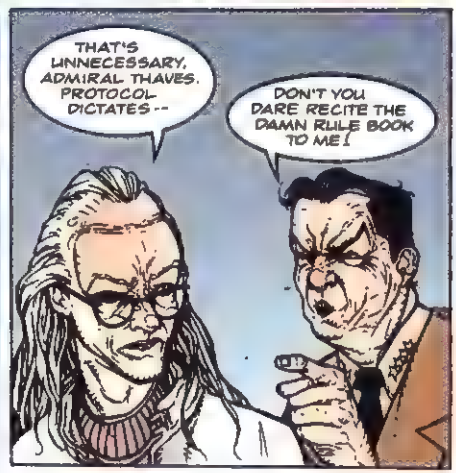
IT'S BEEN SAID THAT THERE IS MORE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO MEN THAN BETWEEN TWO ANIMALS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES. I BELIEVE THAT, BUT I FEEL THAT MORTENSON AND I SHARED SOMETHING THAT MADE US BROTHERS : OUR HUMANITY

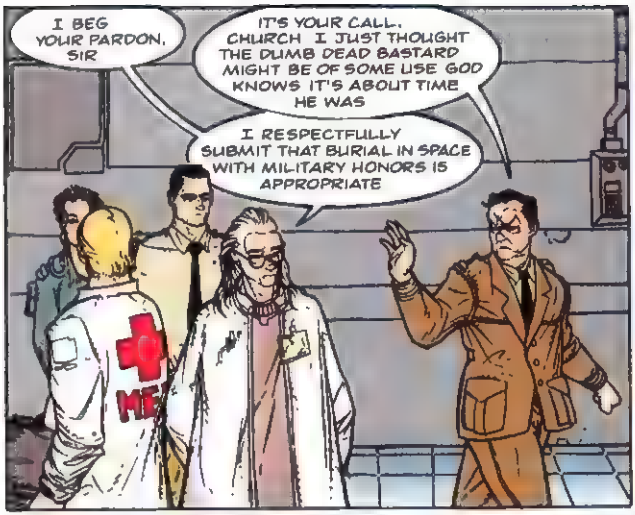

IF WE HAD EVER COMPARED OUR LIFE STORIES, WE WOULD HAVE FOUND MUCH IN COMMON. WE EACH EXPERIENCED THE STRANGE IGNORANCE OF CHILDHOOD, THE DIFFICULTIES OF YOUNG MANHOOD, THE SACRED ACHINGS THAT CAME WITH FIRST LOVE.

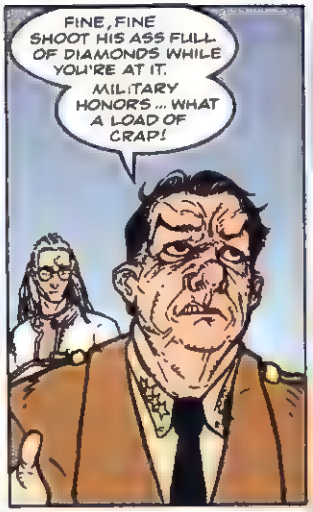

709
NOW EVERYTHING THAT WAS A MAN IN HIM IS AT AN END. NO MORE SATISFACTION FOR HIM, NO MORE FRUSTRATION, NO MORE JOY, NO MORE FEAR.

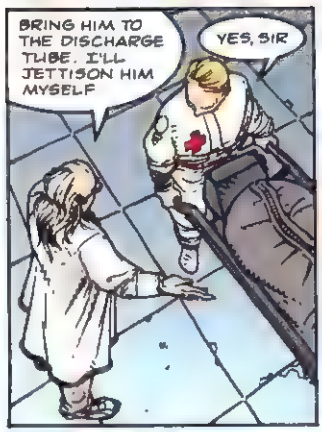
WE CONSIGN HIS REMAINS TO THE VOID. THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID. GOODBYE, MORTENSON.


TAKE THE BODY TO THE DISCHARGE BAY
HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE, COLONEL. DOCTOR CHURCH.
MORTENSON SIGNED AN ORGAN DONOR RELEASE. YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP THE BODY FOR... RESEARCH, SPARE RETINAS...


THAT'S UNNECESSARY, ADMIRAL THAVES. PROTOCOL DICTATES--
DON'T YOU DARE RECITE THE DAMN RULE BOOK TO ME!

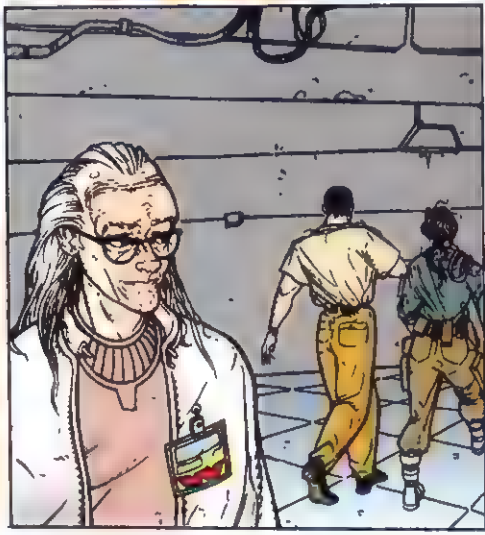

I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR
IT'S YOUR CALL, CHURCH I JUST THOUGHT THE DUMB DEAD BASTARD MIGHT BE OF SOME USE GOD KNOWS IT'S ABOUT TIME HE WAS
I RESPECTFULLY SUBMIT THAT BURIAL IN SPACE WITH MILITARY HONORS IS APPROPRIATE
ME


FINE, FINE SHOOT HIS ASS FULL OF DIAMONDS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.
MILITARY HONORS ... WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP!


BRING HIM TO THE DISCHARGE TUBE. I'LL JETTISON HIM MYSELF
YES, SIR

YOU'VE HAD A COUPLE OF FULL SHIFTS, CRESPI. WHY DON'T YOU GO HAVE YOURSELF SOME R AND R?
THANKS. I THINK I'LL HIT THE GYM

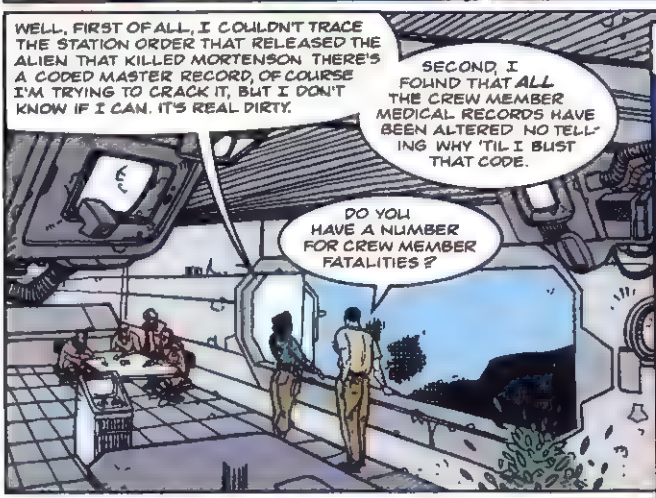
OH, COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI, BEFORE YOU GO, I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE A WORD WITH YOU ... ABOUT THE TRUNK LINE
CERTAINLY, MCGUINNESS



WE CAN TALK IN PRIVATE OVER THERE
I'VE FOUND OUT SOME DISTURBING THINGS, SIR, BUT BEFORE I TELL YOU, I HAVE TO COME CLEAN
ON THE TRANSPORT SHIP YOU ASKED WHY I VOLUNTEERED FOR DUTY ON THE INNOMINATA. I DIDN'T TELL YOU, BUT THERE IS A REASON
THE MAN YOU WERE SENT HERE TO REPLACE, DAVID LENNOX, WAS MY ... FIANCE, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY HE HAD BEEN CHURCH'S RESEARCH PARTNER FOR SIX YEARS WHEN WE MET.
DAVID TRIED REPEATEDLY TO HAVE HIMSELF TRANSFERRED, BUT COULD NEVER GET THE ORDERS SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING HERE
HE TRIED TO SEND ME A CODED MESSAGE BUT IT ARRIVED SCRAMBLED. THEN I WAS TOLD THAT HE HAD DIED OF A HEART ATTACK ... ON BOARD THE INNOMINATA
SHORTLY AFTER, MY APARTMENT WAS BURGLARIZED. EVERYTHING HE'D EVER SENT TO ME WAS TAKEN EVERYTHING, EVEN LOVE LETTERS. I WANT TO ... NO, I NEED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED HERE
I'M CERTAIN DAVID DIDN'T DIE OF A HEART ATTACK

LENNOX WAS STUPID TO SEND YOU CODED INFORMATION. AND YOU'RE *SUPREMELY* STUPID TO BE HERE ON YOUR OWN LITTLE FACT-FINDING MISSION.

I'VE DONE THE LITTLE FACT-FINDING FOR YOU, DON'T FORGET. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN WHAT I'VE FOUND OUT?
EASY, NOW. GO ON.


WELL, FIRST OF ALL, I COULDN'T TRACE THE STATION ORDER THAT RELEASED THE ALIEN THAT KILLED MORTENSON. THERE'S A CODED MASTER RECORD, OF COURSE I'M TRYING TO CRACK IT, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN. IT'S REAL DIRTY.
SECOND, I FOUND THAT *ALL* THE CREW MEMBER MEDICAL RECORDS HAVE BEEN ALTERED. NO TELLING WHY 'TIL I BUST THAT CODE.
DO YOU HAVE A NUMBER FOR CREW MEMBER FATALITIES?

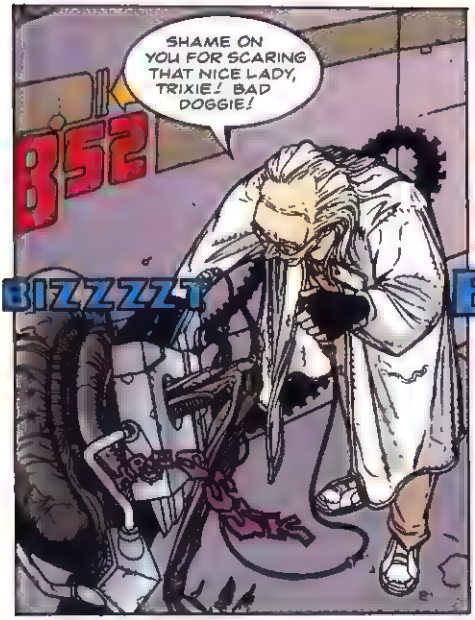
HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT. THIRTY-FOUR DEATHS IN THE LAST THREE YEARS.
IMPOSSIBLE!
DON'T I JUST WISH.

ELEVEN DEATHS A YEAR? AND ONLY ONE SHUTTLE HERE AND BACK PER YEAR? IT DOESN'T ADD UP! WHERE ARE REPLACEMENTS COMING FROM?

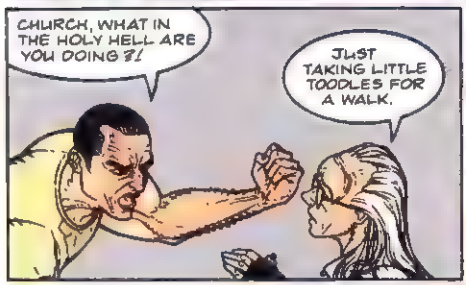
PERHAPS THEY'RE COMING IN ON THE THREE UNSCHEDULED SHUTTLES THAT HAVE BEEN ARRIVING HERE EACH YEAR FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS.
WHAT?!
IT'S ALL IN THE STATION MAINLINE. WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE HAS SUPPORT FROM HIGH UP.
I ... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

SON OF A PRICK!
DO YOU WANT ME TO CONTINUE, IN MY SUPREMELY STUPID WAY, TO TRY TO GET INTO THE CODED MASTER RECORD, SIR?
I APOLOGIZE FOR THAT. YES, BY ALL MEANS CONTINUE.
THANK YOU, SIR.
I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU TO BE DAMN CAREFUL WHEN YOU'RE DIGGING INTO THE STATION SYSTEM BUT IF YOU'RE CAUGHT, I'LL BACK YOU
THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW-- OH!
MORTENSON.
DON'T GET CAUGHT, MCGUINNESS
CENTRAL? THIS IS CRESPI. I'LL BE IN THE GYM FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS.
VERY GOOD, SIR
URNT
... EACH PLANT PRODUCES PER PELOPSIAN YEAR A SINGLE FRUIT UP TO EIGHT METERS IN DIAMETER THE FLESH OF THIS FRUIT YIELDS A BRIGHT YELLOW OIL WHICH ...

WHAT NOW?!
OH MY GOD!
RUN! RUN!
AAAGH!
WHAT THE FONG...?
GOOD MORNING, NEIGHBORS!
GET IT AWAY FROM ME! OH GOD, KEEP IT BACK!
OH, DON'T BE AFRAID OF TRIXIE, MA'AM HE WON'T BITE!
352

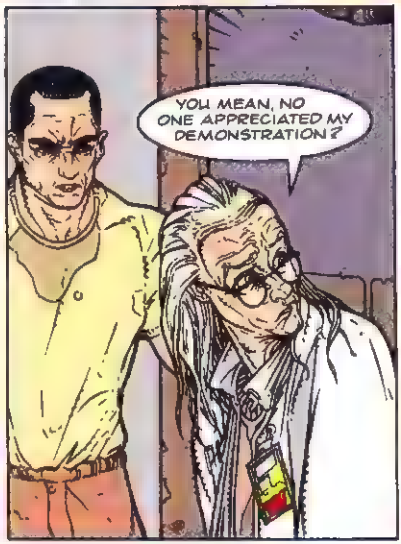

SHAME ON YOU FOR SCARING THAT NICE LADY, TRIXIE! BAD DOGGIE!
BIZZZZT

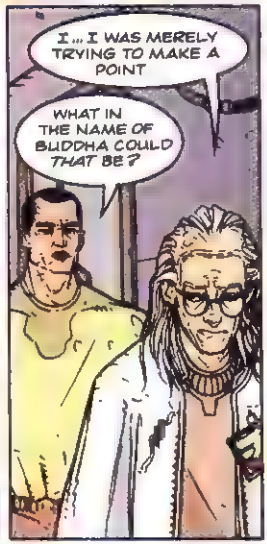
COME ALONG, TAFFY DON'T STOP AT EVERY HYDRANT
BIZZZLE

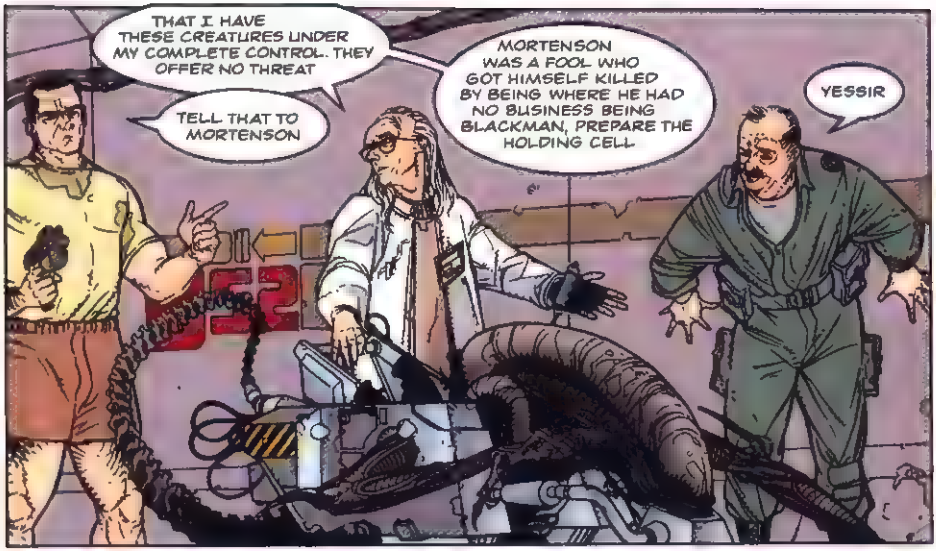

CHURCH, WHAT IN THE HOLY HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
JUST TAKING LITTLE TOODLES FOR A WALK.

A... A WALK?! I... I SHOULD ARREST YOU ON THE SPOT!
ARREST ME? WHAT FOR?

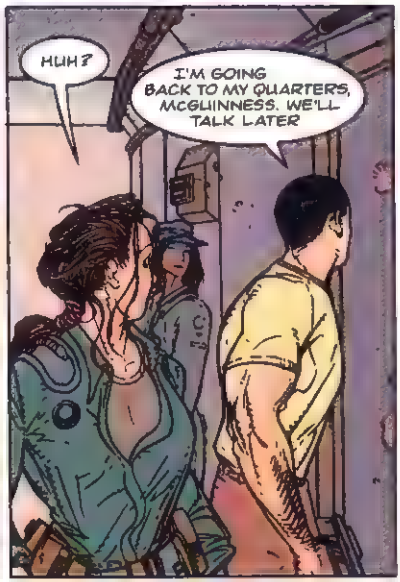
WHAT FOR? HOW ABOUT IMPROPER HANDLING OF CONTRABAND LIFE FORMS, RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT, FELONY JEOPARDIZATION, BIO-TERRORISM, CONDUCT UNBECOMING TO AN OFFICER AND CRIMINAL INSANITY?!


YOU MEAN, NO ONE APPRECIATED MY DEMONSTRATION?


I... I WAS MERELY TRYING TO MAKE A POINT
WHAT IN THE NAME OF BUDDHA COULD THAT BE?


THAT I HAVE THESE CREATURES UNDER MY COMPLETE CONTROL. THEY OFFER NO THREAT
TELL THAT TO MORTENSON
MORTENSON WAS A FOOL WHO GOT HIMSELF KILLED BY BEING WHERE HE HAD NO BUSINESS BEING BLACKMAN, PREPARE THE HOLDING CELL
YESSIR

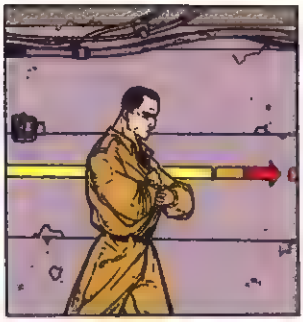
WHAT HAPPENED?
I THINK COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH IS A FEW BRAS SHORT OF A TROUSSEAU


HUH?
I'M GOING BACK TO MY QUARTERS, MCGUINNESS. WE'LL TALK LATER

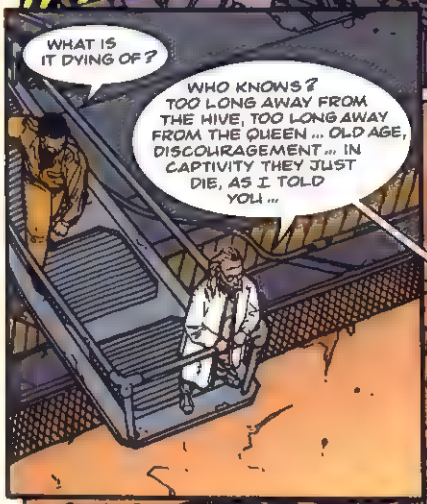
COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI?
WHA-- CHURCH?

YES, IT'S CHURCH SORRY TO DISTURB YOU...

... BUT THE ALIEN IS DYING I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO BE ON HAND
OH ... YES, I WOULD I'LL BE RIGHT THERE



HE'S INSIDE, SIR
RIGHT.

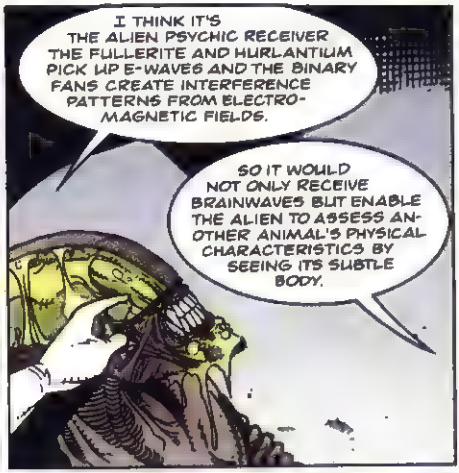

WHAT IS IT DYING OF?
WHO KNOWS? TOO LONG AWAY FROM THE HIVE, TOO LONG AWAY FROM THE QUEEN ... OLD AGE, DISCOURAGEMENT ... IN CAPTIVITY THEY JUST DIE, AS I TOLD YOU ...

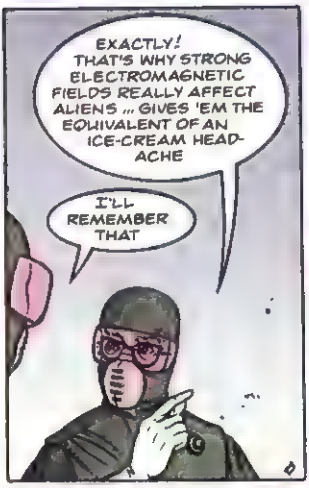
...THEY JUST DIE.

LOOK AT IT, CRESPI DOES YOUR HEART KNOW THIS MONSTER? DO YOU SEE THE DESPERATE FEAR OF YOUR FATHERS IN ITS BLIND, DESTROYER'S HEAD?
WHEN MEN FIRST LOOKED INTO THE OUTER VOID INTO SPACE, THEY LOOKED INTO THE SOUL OF THIS SOULLESS CREATURE WHEN MEN KILL EACH OTHER, AND HURT THEIR CHILDREN, AND CLOSE THEIR EYES SO THAT GOOD WILL NOT DISTRACT THEM, THEY ARE WORSHIPPING THAT CREATURE.
N THEIR HEARTS ALL MEN WOULD LIKE TO BE LIKE THIS ONE HIDEOUSLY STRONG, UNCHAINED BY CONSCIENCE, CHARGED BY THE BLACK HEART OF THE COSMOS TO GO FORTH AND ANNIHILATE
GOOD-BYE, YOU DARK THING
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
IT'S A FLATLINER, SIR
THANK YOU, STOCKDALE HAVE THE BODY BROUGHT TO B LAB, PLEASE
NOW WHAT?
NOW COMES THE DISSECTION

ITS BODY ACIDS HAVE BEEN DRAINED AND REPLACED WITH NEUTRALIZING AGENT STILL, WE NEVER KNOW WHAT WE MIGHT RUN INTO. A LITTLE POCKET OF HOT JUICE, A SPURTING GLAND.
I HOPE THIS PROTECTIVE GEAR ISN'T TOO CUMBERSOME, CRESPI
ON THE CONTRARY, IT'S AMAZINGLY UN-CONFINING YOUR OWN DESIGN?
YES THE WELL-KNOWN MOTHER OF INVENTION WAS MY MUSE. STOCKDALE, HAND ME THE BRETZ SAW, PLEASE
YESSIR
EVER SEEN INSIDE ONE OF THESE, CRESPI?
ONLY FRESHLY BLASTED.
HOW VERY GUNG HO OF YOU
THIS ORGAN IS WHAT INTERESTS ME MOST
WHAT IS IT?

THE SURFACE IS LINED WITH COMPOUND CELLS OF FULLERITE-ENCASED HURLANTIUM. THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE IS SOLID NEURONS IN TWO BINARY FANS. VERY, VERY DENSE
MMM HMM

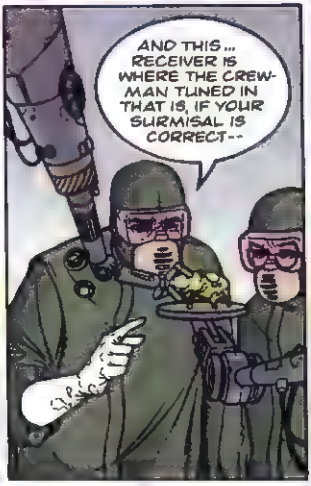

I THINK IT'S THE ALIEN PSYCHIC RECEIVER THE FULLERITE AND HURLANTIUM PICK UP E-WAVES AND THE BINARY FANS CREATE INTERFERENCE PATTERNS FROM ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELDS.
SO IT WOULD NOT ONLY RECEIVE BRAINWAVES BUT ENABLE THE ALIEN TO ASSESS ANOTHER ANIMAL'S PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS BY SEEING ITS SUBTLE BODY.


EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY STRONG ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELDS REALLY AFFECT ALIENS ... GIVES 'EM THE EQUIVALENT OF AN ICE-CREAM HEADACHE
I'LL REMEMBER THAT

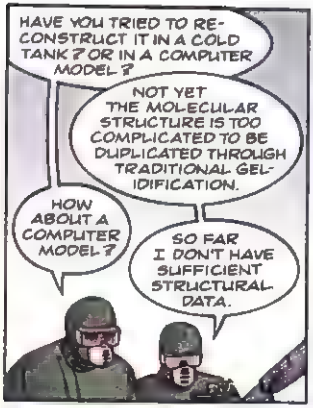
NOW, YOU CAN SEE THAT THIS THING HAS WITHERED. IN HEALTHY SPECIMENS IT'S MORE BULBOUS, FILLS THE CAVITY TIGHTLY. BUT IN A LANGUISHING CAPTIVE, IT ATROPHIES.

WHICH COULD EXPLAIN WHY THE CREWMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE TELEPATHINE WAS ABLE TO AFFECT THE ALIEN'S BEHAVIOR!

EXACTLY

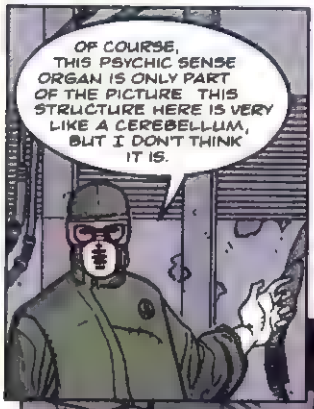

AND THIS ... RECEIVER IS WHERE THE CREWMAN TUNED IN THAT IS, IF YOUR SURMISAL IS CORRECT--

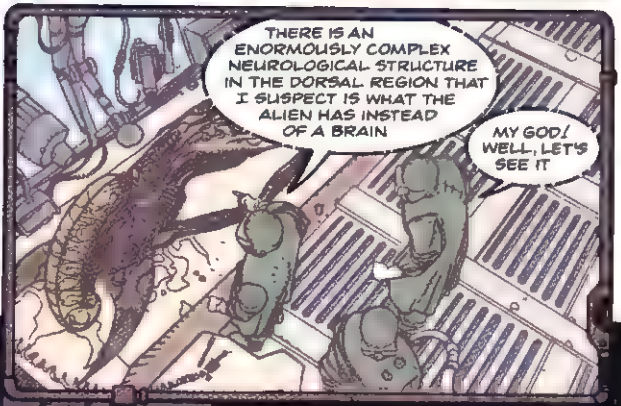
WAIT! FULLERITE AND HURLANTIUM CAN BE SYNTHESIZED!
IT SEEMS SO OBVIOUS, DOESN'T IT?

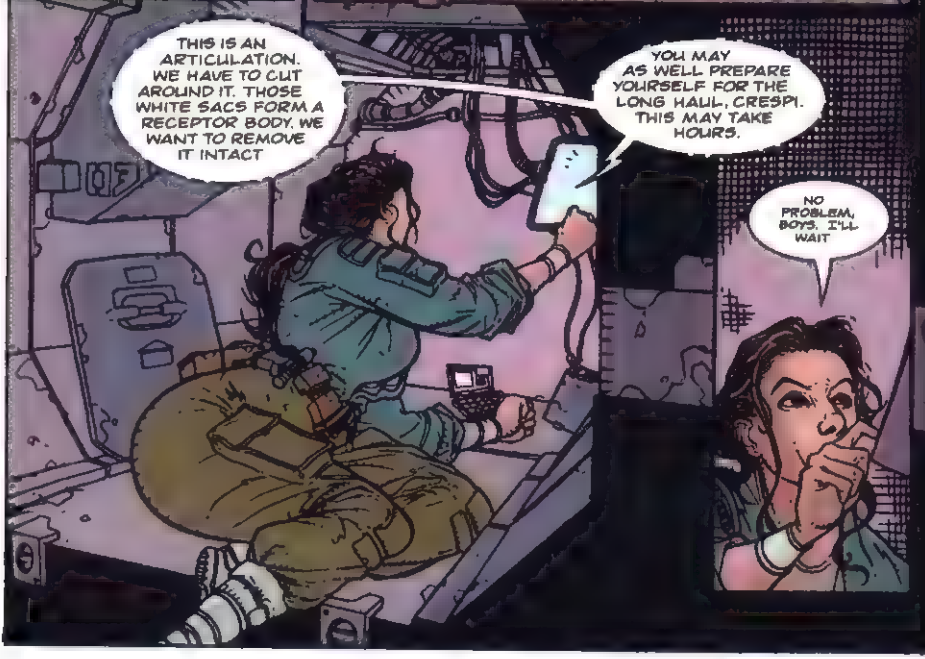

HAVE YOU TRIED TO RE-CONSTRUCT IT IN A COLD TANK? OR IN A COMPUTER MODEL?
NOT YET THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE IS TOO COMPLICATED TO BE DUPLICATED THROUGH TRADITIONAL GEL-IDIFICATION.
HOW ABOUT A COMPUTER MODEL?
SO FAR I DON'T HAVE SUFFICIENT STRUCTURAL DATA.

WELL, LET'S GET THAT MISSING DATA AND BUILD ONE OF THESE THINGS!
YOU JUST SAID "LET'S," CRESPI DOES THAT MEAN YOU NO LONGER CONSIDER THIS AN ILLEGAL OPERATION?

IT MEANS I CONSIDER THIS RESEARCH TOO IMPORTANT NOT TO RECEIVE FULL ATTENTION.

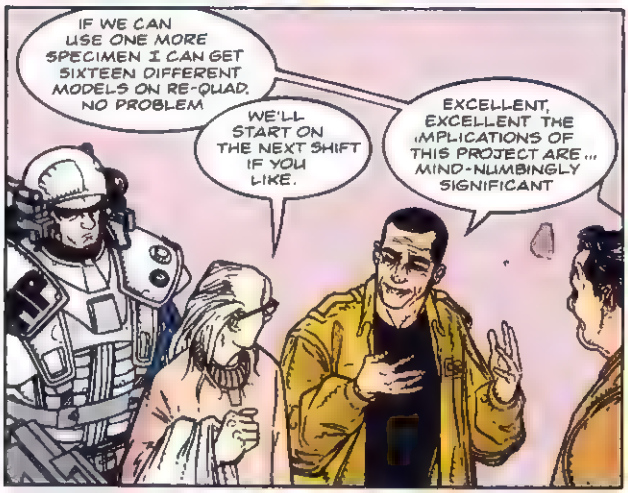

OF COURSE, THIS PSYCHIC SENSE ORGAN IS ONLY PART OF THE PICTURE THIS STRUCTURE HERE IS VERY LIKE A CEREBELLUM, BUT I DON'T THINK IT IS.


THERE IS AN ENORMOUSLY COMPLEX NEUROLOGICAL STRUCTURE IN THE DORSAL REGION THAT I SUSPECT IS WHAT THE ALIEN HAS INSTEAD OF A BRAIN
MY GOD! WELL, LET'S SEE IT


THIS IS AN ARTICULATION. WE HAVE TO CUT AROUND IT. THOSE WHITE SACS FORM A RECEPTOR BODY. WE WANT TO REMOVE IT INTACT
YOU MAY AS WELL PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE LONG HAUL, CRESPI. THIS MAY TAKE HOURS.
NO PROBLEM, BOYS. I'LL WAIT

IS COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH IN THERE?
YES, SIR. HE AND COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI HAVE BEEN WORKING TOGETHER FOR THE PAST SIX HOURS.

WORKING TOGETHER, YOU SAY? WELL, THAT'S FINE!


IF WE CAN USE ONE MORE SPECIMEN I CAN GET SIXTEEN DIFFERENT MODELS ON RE-QUAD. NO PROBLEM
WE'LL START ON THE NEXT SHIFT IF YOU LIKE.
EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT THE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS PROJECT ARE... MIND-NUMBINGLY SIGNIFICANT

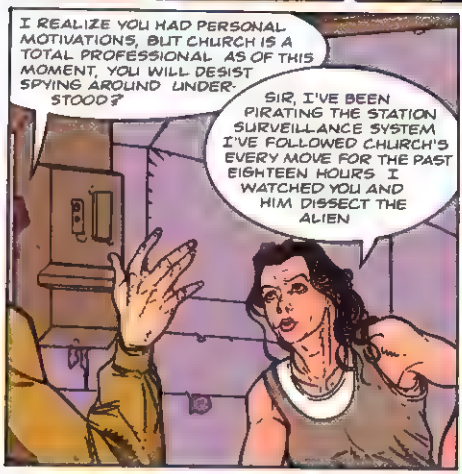
I QUITE AGREE, CRESPI, AND IF I MAY SAY SO I THINK IT TAKES A SPECIAL KIND OF SCIENTIST TO APPRECIATE THAT.

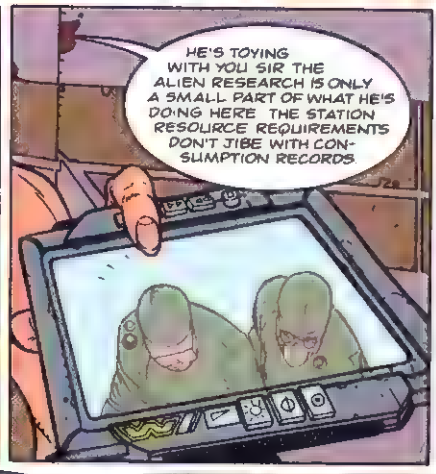
WHY DON'T YOU GO GET SOME REST, EH? YOU LOOK ALL IN
RIGHT, THOUGH I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP. SEE YOU IN EIGHT HOURS.

COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI! I NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU I'VE FOUND OUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT ABOUT CHURCH
SO HAVE I, MCGUINNESS

I'VE JUST SPENT SIX HOURS WATCHING COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH IN ACTION AND THE MAN IS, TO USE A MUCH-ABUSED TERM, A GENIUS.
CRES

HE HAS OPENED DOORS TO TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATION THAT BORDERS ON THE MYSTICAL THE WORK HE IS DOING HERE WILL CHANGE THE FACE OF SCIENCE FOREVER
BUT—

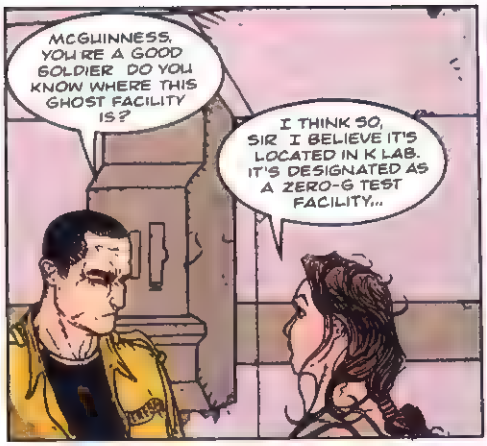

I REALIZE YOU HAD PERSONAL MOTIVATIONS, BUT CHURCH IS A TOTAL PROFESSIONAL AS OF THIS MOMENT, YOU WILL DESIST SPYING AROUND UNDERSTOOD?
SIR, I'VE BEEN PIRATING THE STATION SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM I'VE FOLLOWED CHURCH'S EVERY MOVE FOR THE PAST EIGHTEEN HOURS I WATCHED YOU AND HIM DISSECT THE ALIEN


HE'S TOYING WITH YOU SIR THE ALIEN RESEARCH IS ONLY A SMALL PART OF WHAT HE'S DOING HERE THE STATION RESOURCE REQUIREMENTS DON'T JIBE WITH CONSUMPTION RECORDS

SOMETHING ON BOARD THE INNOMINATA IS USING ALMOST A THIRD AGAIN AS MUCH POWER AS ALL KNOWN SYSTEMS, INCLUDING THE ALIEN LAB, COMBINED.

CHURCH HAS A HIDDEN OPERATION ON BOARD, SIR SOMETHING BIG SOMETHING HE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO FIND. HE'S ENGAGED YOUR INTEREST IN THE ALIEN RESEARCH TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRACK

THE BASTARD.


MCGUINNESS, YOU'RE A GOOD SOLDIER. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THIS GHOST FACILITY IS?
I THINK SO, SIR. I BELIEVE IT'S LOCATED IN K LAB. IT'S DESIGNATED AS A ZERO-G TEST FACILITY...

... BUT THAT'S WHERE THE THIRTY PERCENT POWER OVERAGE IS GOING. CHURCH HAS HAD THREE DOUBLE-CODE SINGLE-ACCESS LOCK DOORS INSTALLED AND IT'S NOT ON THE STATION MAINLINE AT ALL.

OKAY. YOU'VE CONVINCED ME. HOW DO WE GET IN?
CHURCH HAS A CODE SLATE. IF WE CAN GET THAT, I CAN EXTRACT THE KEY. HE KEEPS IT IN HIS UNITY STATION. ON MY PIRATE MONITOR, I SAW HIM LEAVE IT ON THE CONSOLE.
AND WHERE'S CHURCH NOW?

HE'S ASLEEP. TOOK SOMETHING AND HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
CAN YOU GET THAT SLATE?

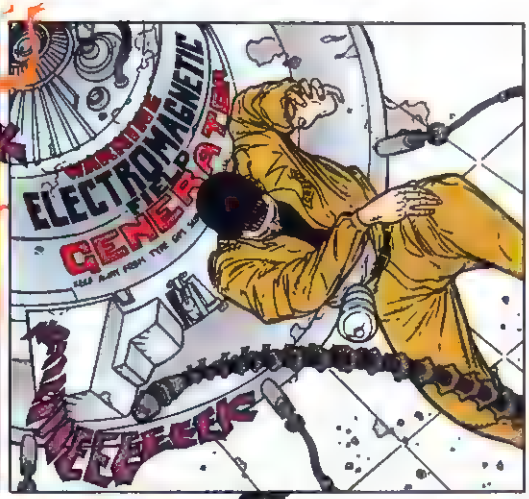
THE BIOSCAN WON'T LET ME INTO CHURCH'S UNITY HOLE. YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. USE MY PRIVATE COM LINE IF ANYTHING COMES UP.

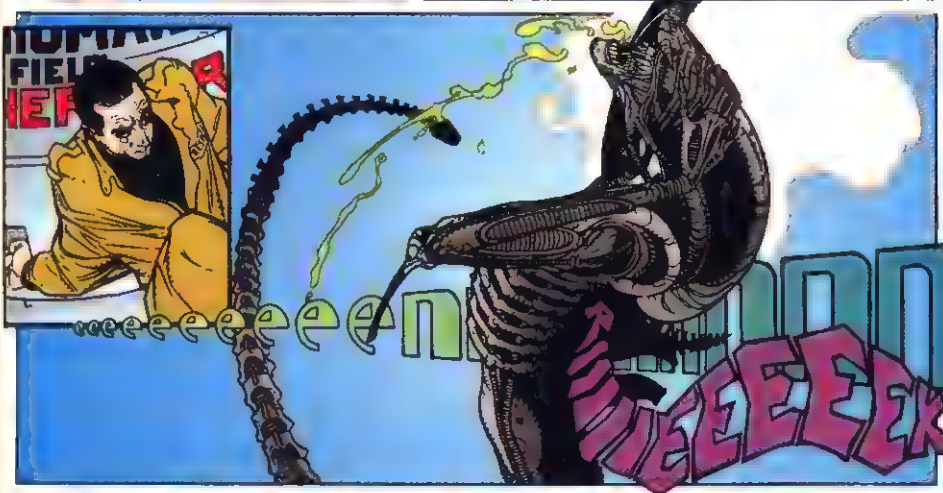
UNIFIED SYSTEMS OPERATIONS
GN
'80

NEEN
SNIFF
SNIFF SNIFF

SSSSSSSX
HSSSSSSSX
HULP!
CRRASH!
ARRRULK!
YAAAAAH!
FAAAH!

GASP!
SHRIEEEK

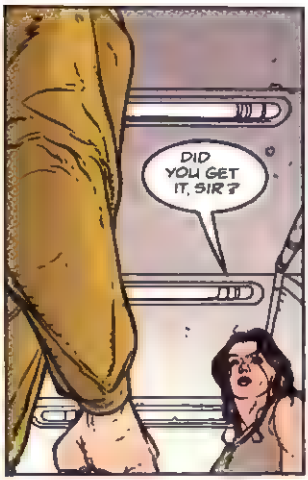

ELECTROMAGNETIC
GENERATOR
SHRIEEEEK


SHRIEEEEEK

WHAT TH- COLONEL DOCTOR CRESPI!
MY GOD! ANOTHER ONE GOT OUT!
TECH

STOCKDALE, WE HAVE AN ALIEN IN THE ACCENTUATOR ROOM NEAR DOC'S UNITY ROOM IT'S BEEN ELECTRO-MAGGED, BUT YOU BETTER GET A FULL TEAM DOWN HERE IN RIOT GEAR
IF THAT GENERATOR CONTROL PANEL HADN'T BEEN OPEN ... YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, SIR

SIR? UH, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?


DID YOU GET IT, SIR?

NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU SENT ME DOWN THERE TO GET LUNCHED, DIDN'T YOU? DIDN'T YOU?
STOP IT, YOU'RE HURTING ME!

I'LL HURT YOU ALL RIGHT! I'LL ... I'LL ...
GHACK ... NO ... DIDN'T ... 'TOP ... KILLING ME ...

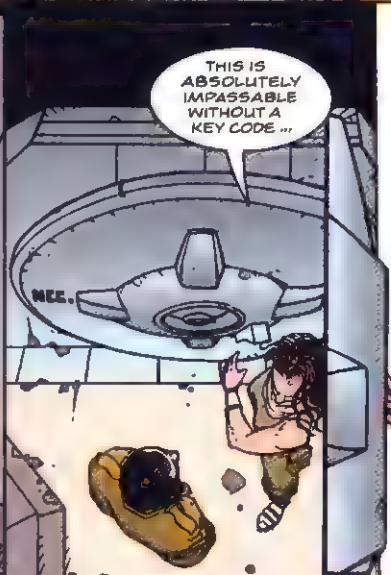
YOU SET ME UP YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF FLESH TRAITOR.
NO ... NO ... GASP ...

I OUGHT TO SHOOT YOU ON THE SPOT.
NO ... IT WAS CHURCH ... I'M SURE ..

DID YOU GET THE SLATE? LET ME HAVE IT... I'LL PROVE I'M RIGHT

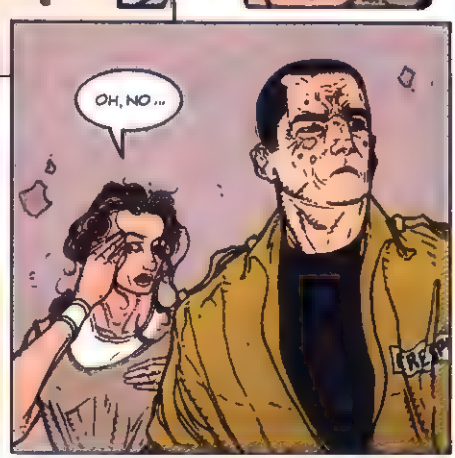
ONE CHANCE. YOU GET ONE CHANCE TO SHOW ME
I WILL, I SWEAR I WILL GIVE IT TO ME

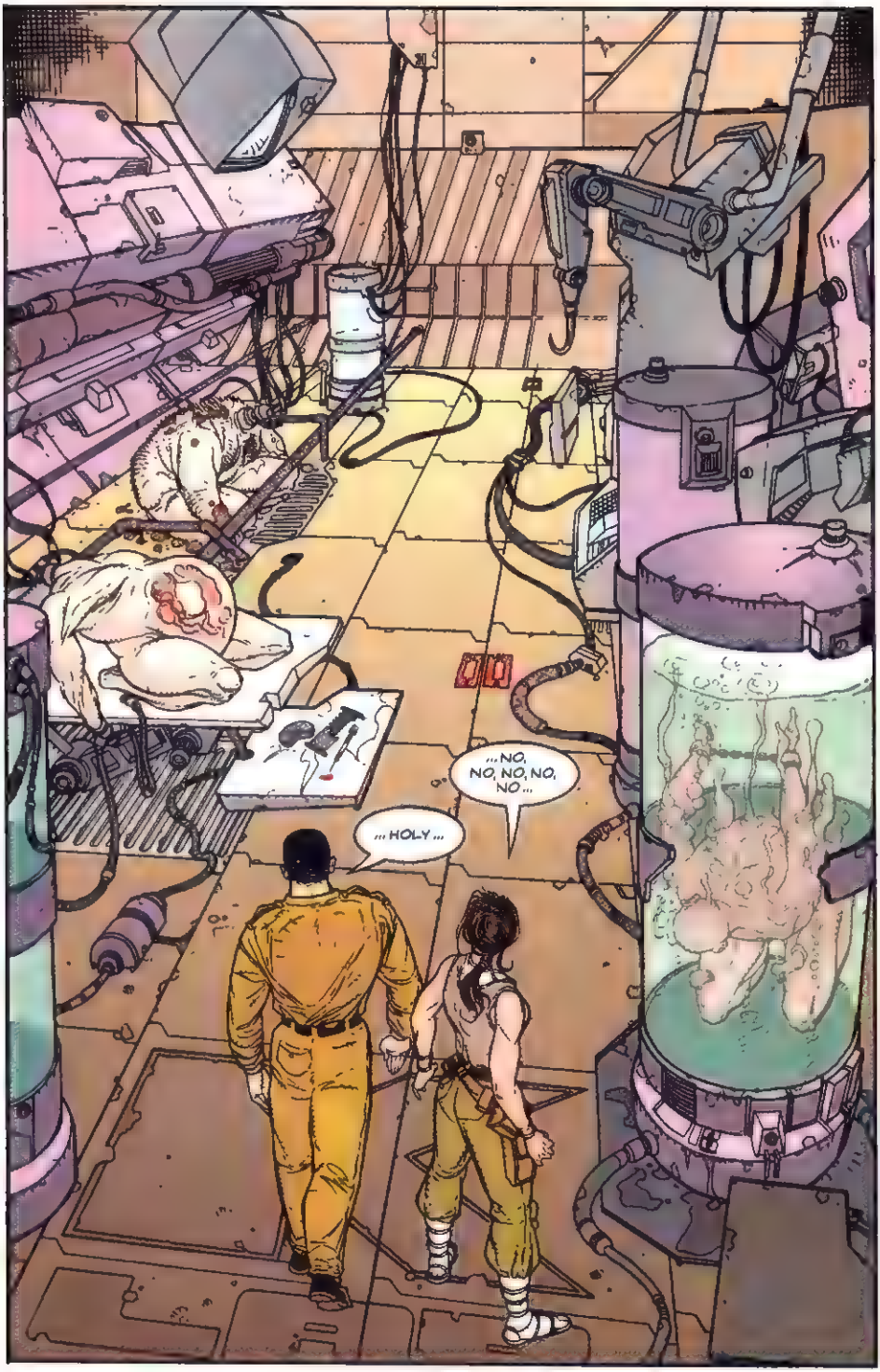
COME ON... LET'S GET TO K LAB RIGHT NOW. CHURCH WILL BE NOTIFIED ABOUT THE ATTACK AND HE'LL COME LOOKING FOR US.


THIS IS ABSOLUTELY IMPASSABLE WITHOUT A KEY CODE...
HEE.

...WHICH IS WHAT I'VE GOT HERE...

...AND SO... WE'RE IN!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF EVERY-THING...
CRESPI

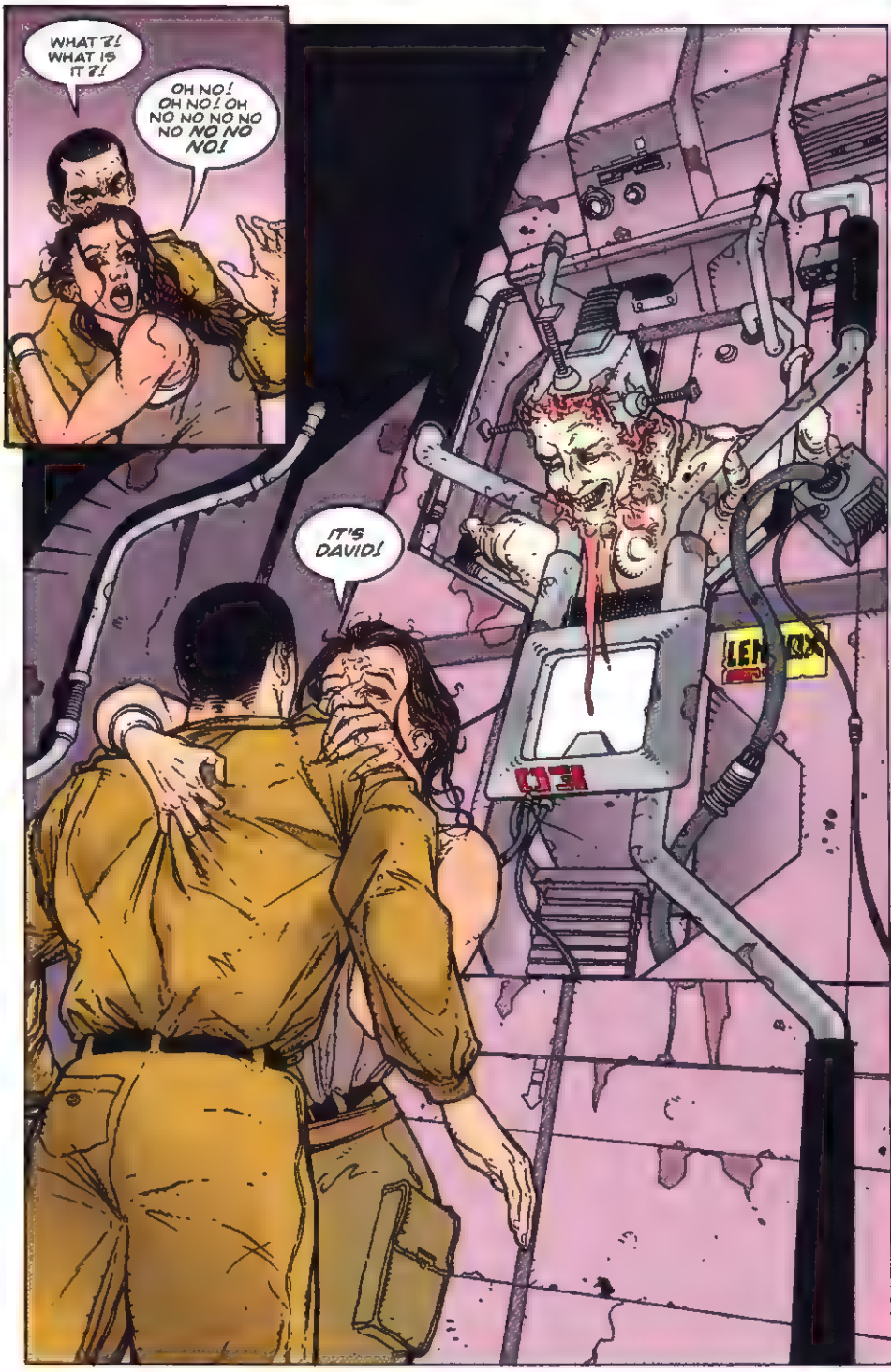

OH, NO...


...NO, NO, NO, NO, NO...
...HOLY...

I ... I NEVER IMAGINED ... I DIDN'T KNOW A MAN COULD ...
CRESS

... WHAT THE DEVIL HAS HE ...
NUH ... NUH ... UUUUHHHH ...

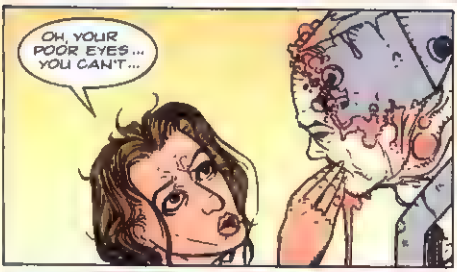
DEAR GOD, IT'S MORTENSON. HE WASN'T JETTISONED AT ALL...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!


WHAT?! WHAT IS IT?!
OH NO! OH NO! OH NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO!
IT'S DAVID!

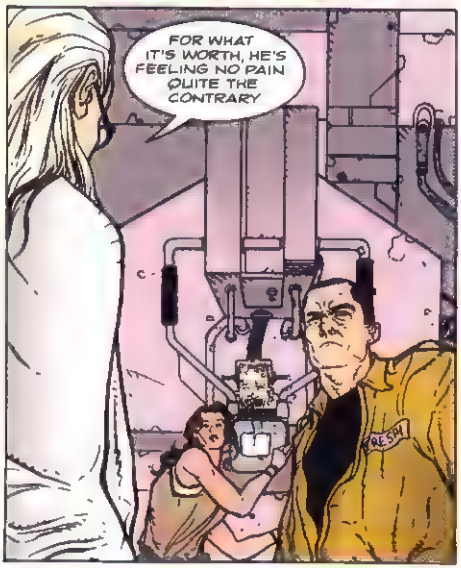
3

HE ... HE'S ALIVE

OH DAVID... LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE TO YOU...


OH, YOUR POOR EYES... YOU CAN'T...

HOW COULD HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN--


FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, HE'S FEELING NO PAIN QUITE THE CONTRARY

YAAAAGH!

I'LL KILL YOU!
NO, YOU WON'T
THEN I WILL, YOU SACK OF--

AIIIEEEERRRGH!
LET HER GO AND GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

GURK!
TELL HER TO BEHAVE, CRESPI
LET HER GO AND GET DOWN ON THE DAMN FLOOR!

DON'T PRESUME TO GIVE ME ORDERS, CRESPI
GET ON THE FLOOR! NOW!

THAT'S AN INTERESTING WEAPON...
MAY I SEE IT FOR A MOMENT?
GET DOWN!

NOW--

HMM. PRETTY LITTLE TOY.

WELL-MADE, TOO KOREAPANESE, ISN'T IT?
YOU'RE ... YOU'RE A SYNTH!

NO, NOT A SYNTH ASIDE FROM SEVERAL IMPLANTS, I'M QUITE HUMAN

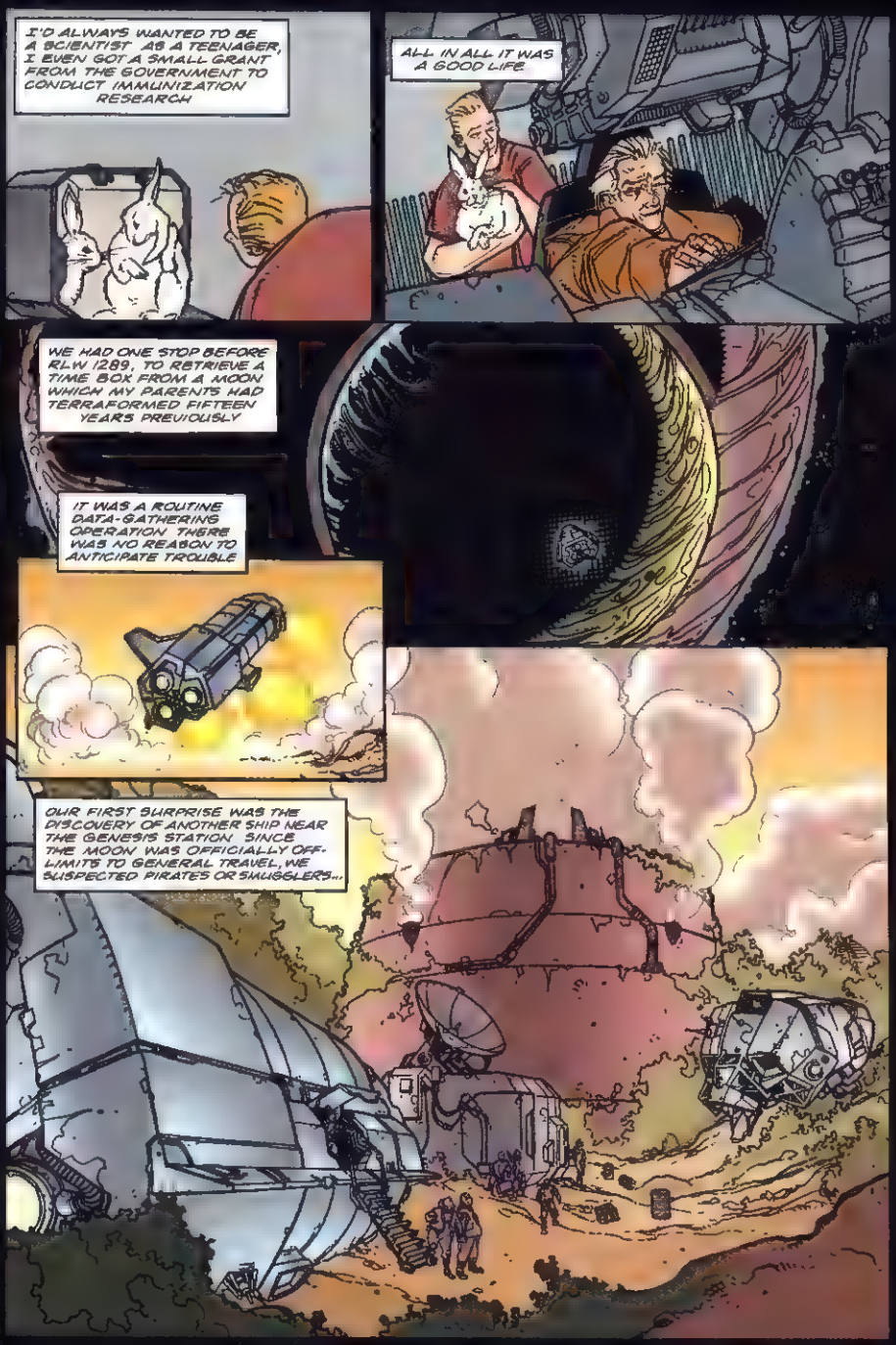
YOU FOUND WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, DIDN'T YOU? ONLY YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU'VE FOUND.
YUH-YUH-YOU KUH-KUH-KUH KILLED

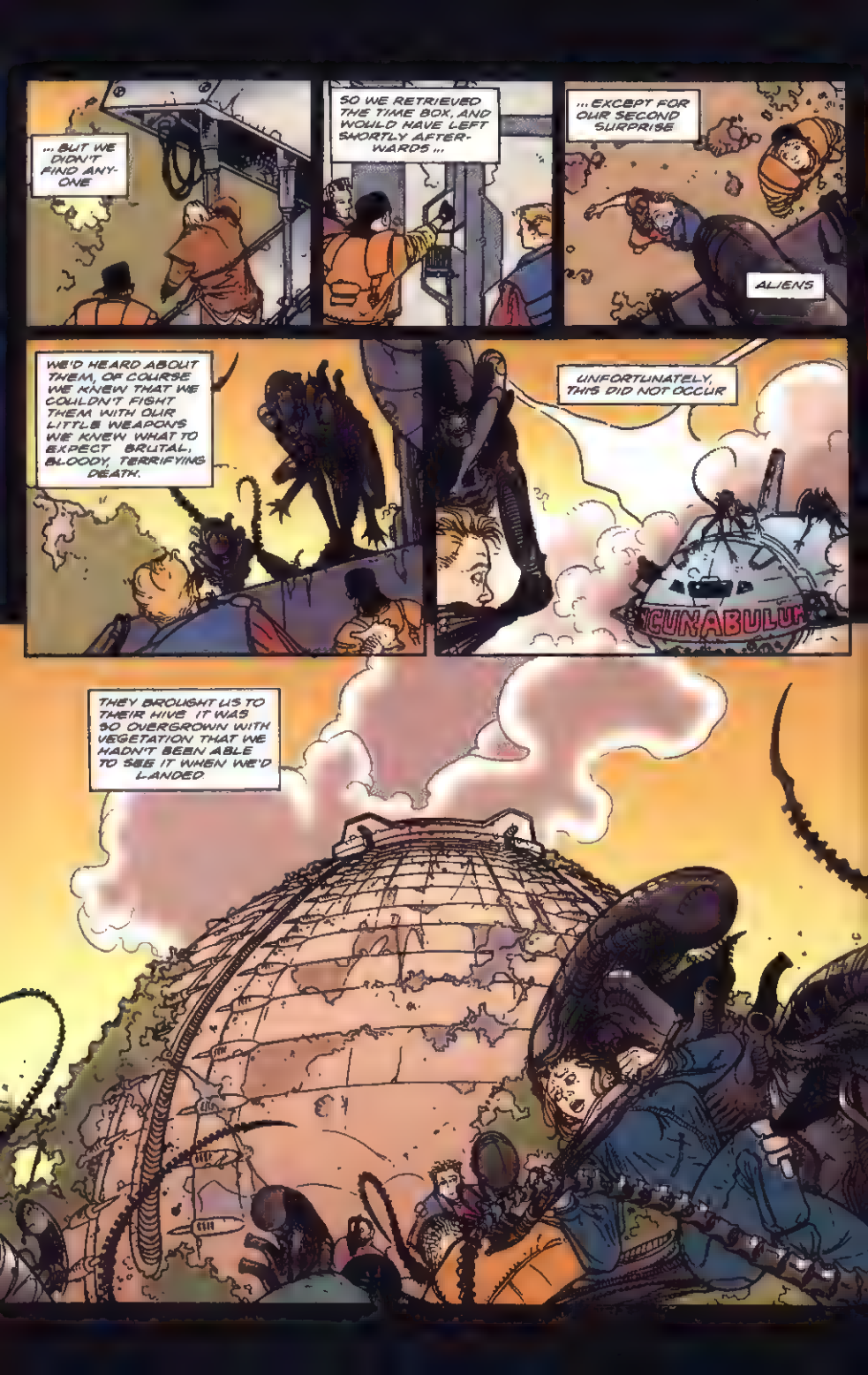
NO, I DIDN'T KILL HIM I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE
YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE EXPECTED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SEE HERE UNLESS YOU KNOW SOMETHING OF MY PERSONAL HISTORY. SO PROMISE ME THAT THERE WILL BE NO MORE OUTBURSTS

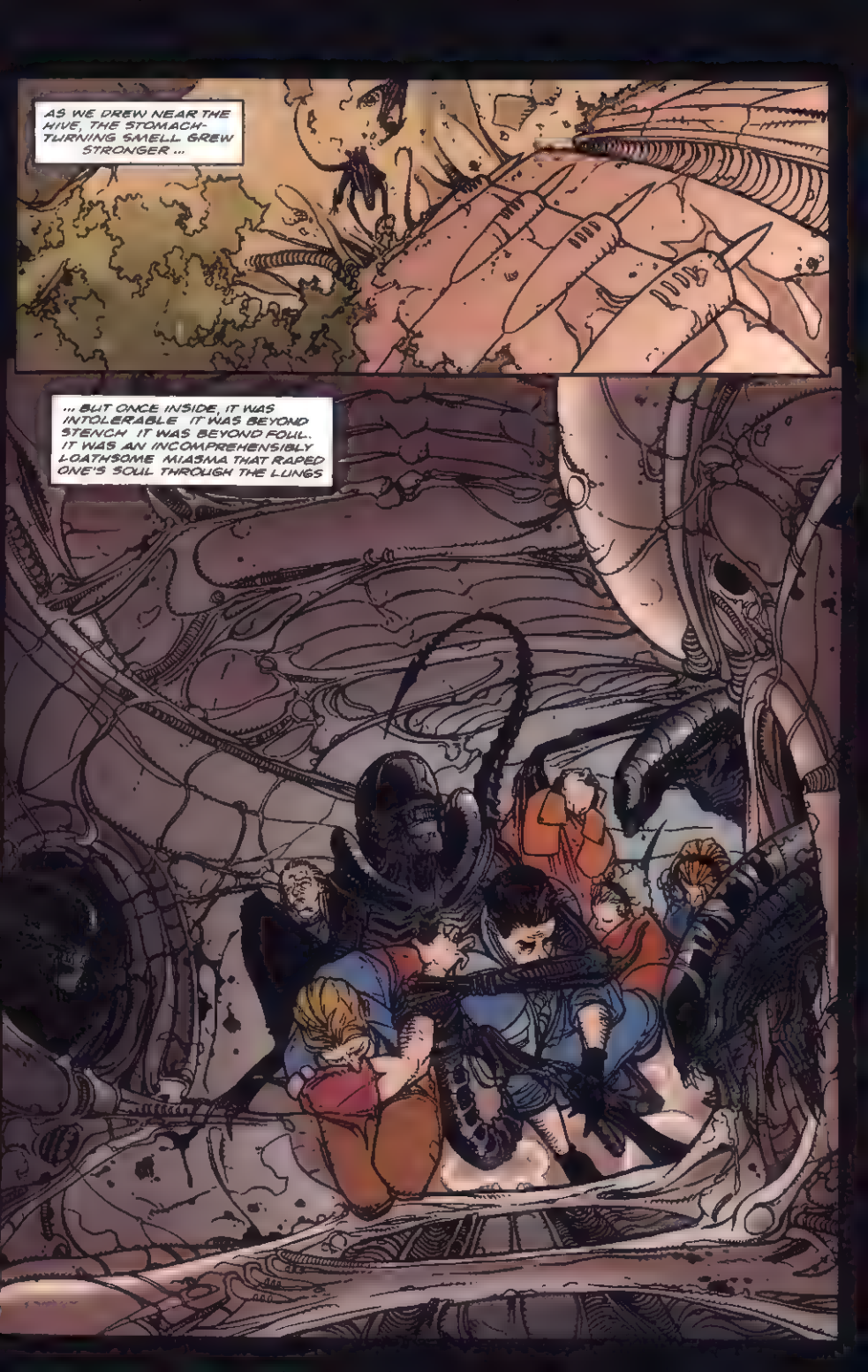
... AND LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO ME

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO THIS HAPPENED GOD, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I WAS TWENTY..
JUST TWENTY.

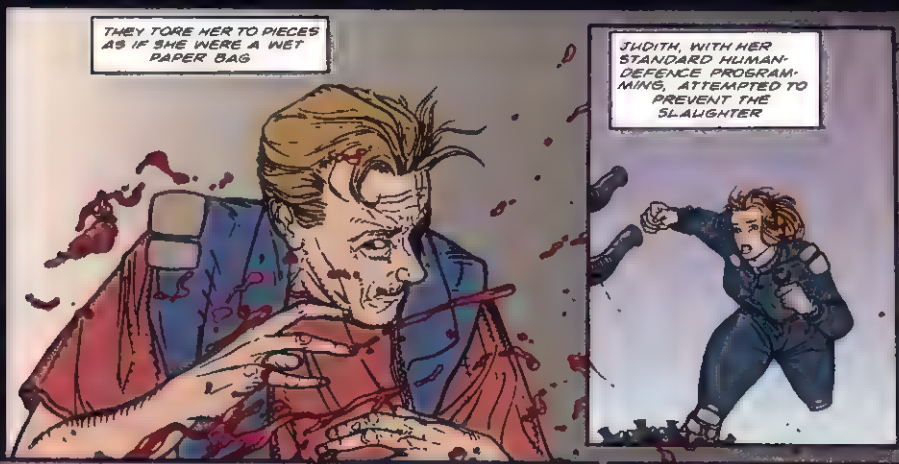
MY PARENTS WERE TERRA-FORMERS I WAS BORN IN SPACE AND NEVER EVEN SAW EARTH UNTIL I WAS SIX MY EARLY LIFE WAS SPENT ON SHIPS AND GENESIS CAMPS OUR SHIP WAS THE INCUNABULUM
INCUNAB
IT WAS AN UNNATURAL LIFE FOR A YOUNG MAN, BUT I DIDN'T MIND
MY PARENTS AND I WERE CLOSE, AND THEIR CREW WAS LIKE FAMILY
THE CREW CONSISTED OF THREE MEN, TAYLOR, HEWETT, AND JOHANSON, WHO DID MOST OF THE HEAVY WORK ..
.. AND JUDITH, A SEX SYNTH WHO KEPT TAYLOR, HEWETT, AND JOHANSON HAPPY SHE WAS ALSO PROGRAMMED AS A BOTANIST
QUENTIN AND LOUISE CLARK, BOTH SCIENTISTS, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, REBECCA, HAD JOINED US WE WERE TRANSPORTING THEM TO RLW 1289


I'D ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A SCIENTIST AS A TEENAGER, I EVEN GOT A SMALL GRANT FROM THE GOVERNMENT TO CONDUCT IMMUNIZATION RESEARCH
ALL IN ALL IT WAS A GOOD LIFE
WE HAD ONE STOP BEFORE RLW 1289, TO RETRIEVE A TIME BOX FROM A MOON WHICH MY PARENTS HAD TERRAFORMED FIFTEEN YEARS PREVIOUSLY
IT WAS A ROUTINE DATA-GATHERING OPERATION THERE WAS NO REASON TO ANTICIPATE TROUBLE
OUR FIRST SURPRISE WAS THE DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER SHIP NEAR THE GENESIS STATION SINCE THE MOON WAS OFFICIALLY OFF-LIMITS TO GENERAL TRAVEL, WE SUSPECTED PIRATES OR SMUGGLERS...

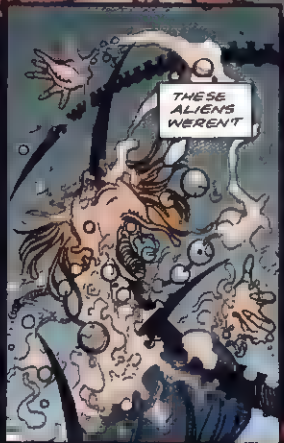

...BUT WE DIDN'T FIND ANYONE
SO WE RETRIEVED THE TIME BOX, AND WOULD HAVE LEFT SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
...EXCEPT FOR OUR SECOND SURPRISE
ALIENS
WE'D HEARD ABOUT THEM, OF COURSE WE KNEW THAT WE COULDN'T FIGHT THEM WITH OUR LITTLE WEAPONS WE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT BRUTAL, BLOODY, TERRIFYING DEATH.
UNFORTUNATELY, THIS DID NOT OCCUR
THEY BROUGHT US TO THEIR HIVE IT WAS SO OVERGROWN WITH VEGETATION THAT WE HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO SEE IT WHEN WE'D LANDED


AS WE DREW NEAR THE HIVE, THE STOMACH-TURNING SMELL GREW STRONGER ...
... BUT ONCE INSIDE, IT WAS INTOLERABLE. IT WAS BEYOND STENCH. IT WAS BEYOND FOUL. IT WAS AN INCOMPREHENSIBLY LOATHSOME MIASMA THAT RAPED ONE'S SOUL THROUGH THE LUNGS

THEY BROUGHT US TO A CHAMBER AND DUMPED US ON THE GROUND
THEY SNIFFED US AND LICKED US AND PROBED US.
WE HAD NEVER HEARD OF ALIEN BEHAVIOR LIKE THIS WE HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS GOING ON
THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED
TWO OF THE ALIENS GRABBED HOLD OF REBECCA
THEY SEEMED TO BE FIGHTING OVER HER

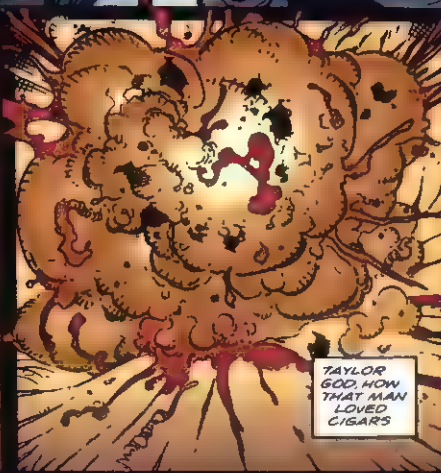

THEY TORE HER TO PIECES AS IF SHE WERE A WET PAPER BAG
JUDITH, WITH HER STANDARD HUMAN-DEFENCE PROGRAMMINGS, ATTEMPTED TO PREVENT THE SLAUGHTER

ALIENS ARE USUALLY INDIFFERENT TO NON-ORGANIC BEINGS

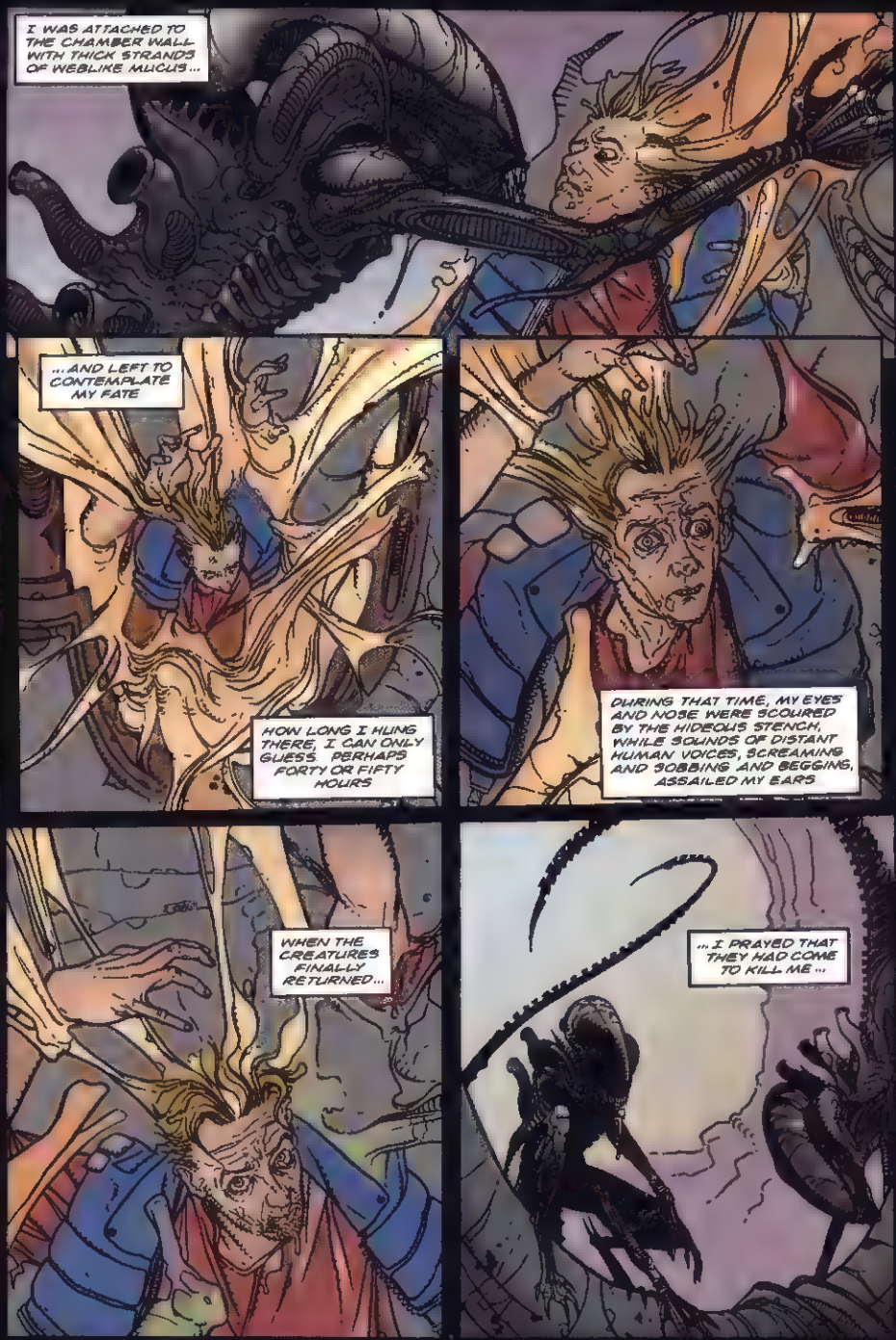

THESE ALIENS WEREN'T

AS THEY DESTROYED JUDITH, TAYLOR ALONE MANAGED TO MAKE A MEANINGFUL PROTEST...

WITH A GRENADE TOOK TWO ALIENS WITH HIM, THE LUCKY BASTARD


TAYLOR GOD, HOW THAT MAN LOVED CIGARS

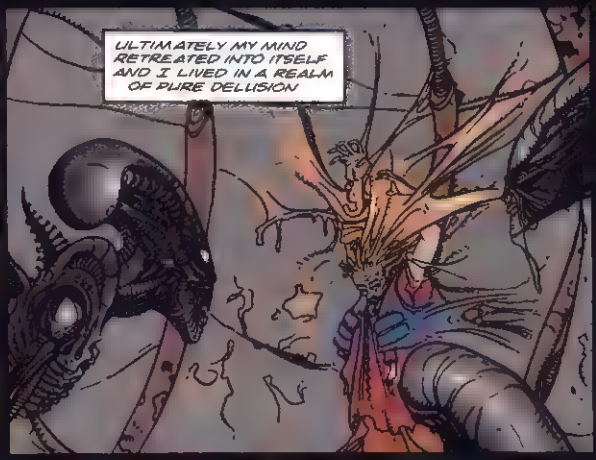
AFTER THAT, THEY MOVED QUICKLY WE WERE SEPARATED
I WAS FORCED INTO THE BOWELS OF THE HIVE
THERE, I SAW WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE CREW OF THE OTHER SHIP
BLOATED, MUTILATED BODIES HUNG EVERYWHERE
I... I THINK SOME OF THEM WERE STILL BREATHING


I WAS ATTACHED TO THE CHAMBER WALL WITH THICK STRANDS OF WEBLIKE MUCUS...
...AND LEFT TO CONTEMPLATE MY FATE
HOW LONG I HUNG THERE, I CAN ONLY GUESS. PERHAPS FORTY OR FIFTY HOURS
DURING THAT TIME, MY EYES AND NOSE WERE SCOURED BY THE HIDEOUS STENCH, WHILE SOUNDS OF DISTANT HUMAN VOICES, SCREAMING AND SOBBING AND BEGGING, ASSAILED MY EARS
WHEN THE CREATURES FINALLY RETURNED...
...I PRAYED THAT THEY HAD COME TO KILL ME...

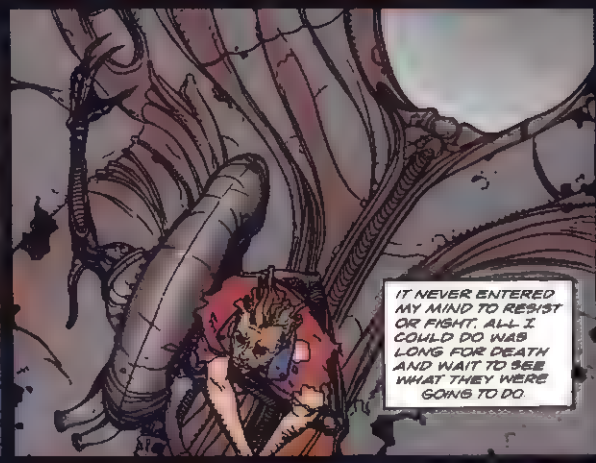
... BUT THEY HAD COME TO DO SOMETHING ELSE.
THEY HAD COME TO FEED ME.

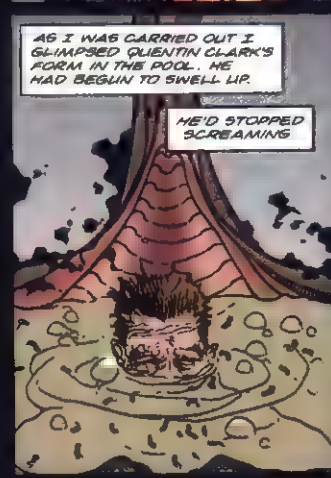
THE FEEDING WAS INTERRUPTED BY A HIDEOUS SCREAM EVEN ONE OF THE ALIENS SEEMED TO SHUDDER AS THE SCREAM BECAME LOUDER ... CLOSER ...
IT WAS QUENTIN CLARK WHAT THEY'D DONE TO HIM ... I DIDN'T WANT TO IMAGINE HE WAS COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS MIND
HE DIDN'T STOP SCREAMING WHEN THEY PUSHED HIM INTO A POOL OF GREEN AND GREY SLIME WHICH SWARMED WITH TINY TADPOLE-LIKE CREATURES
HE CONTINUED TO SCREAM AS THEY GLUED HIS HEAD TO THE WALL ...
... AND HE SCREAMED AFTER THEY LEFT HIM HE SCREAMED AND SCREAMED AND SCREAMED UNTIL HIS VOCAL CORDS WERE SHREDDED AND THEN HE MADE A HORRIBLE NOISE LIKE A GOOSE ...
... HOUR AFTER HOUR AFTER HOUR

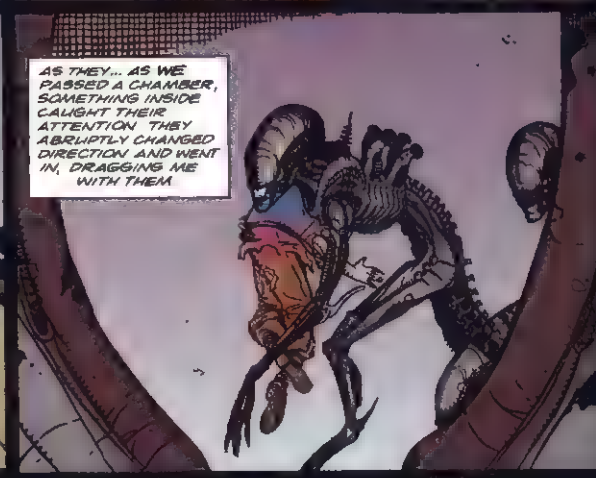
I SURVIVED BECAUSE I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE I TRIED TO SWALLOW MY TONGUE, BUT FINALLY GAVE THAT UP.


ULTIMATELY MY MIND RETREATED INTO ITSELF AND I LIVED IN A REALM OF PURE DELUSION.

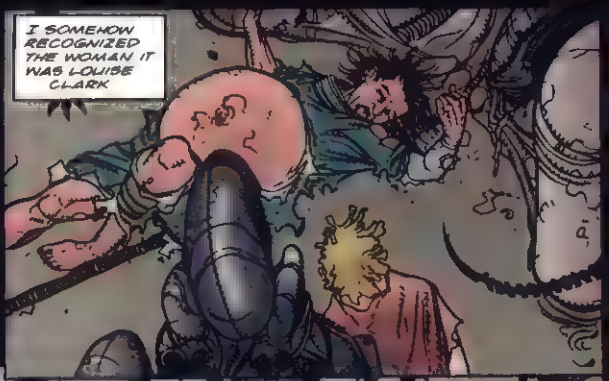
I WAS SO IMMERSED IN THIS DELUSIONAL REALM THAT I BARELY NOTICED WHEN THEY REMOVED ME FROM THE WALL.


IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND TO RESIST OR FIGHT. ALL I COULD DO WAS LONG FOR DEATH AND WAIT TO SEE WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO.


AS I WAS CARRIED OUT I GLIMPSED QUENTIN CLARK'S FORM IN THE POOL. HE HAD BEGUN TO SWELL UP.
HE'D STOPPED SCREAMING

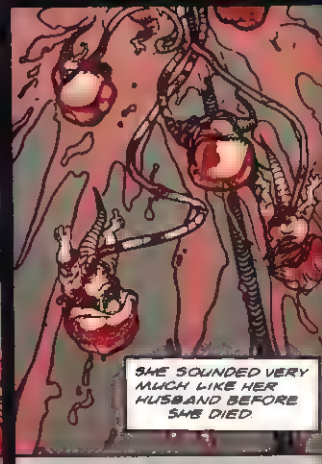

AS THEY... AS WE PASSED A CHAMBER, SOMETHING INSIDE CAUGHT THEIR ATTENTION. THEY ABRUPTLY CHANGED DIRECTION AND WENT IN, DRAGGING ME WITH THEM.

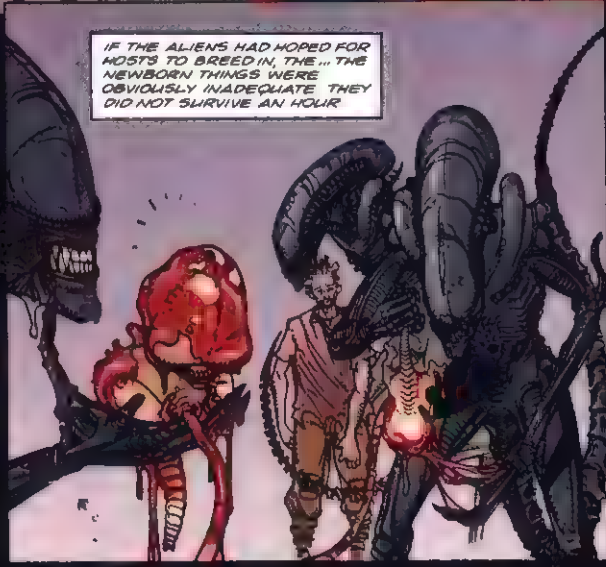
I HEARD THE SOUNDS OF THIS NEW PLACE AS WE ENTERED... SOBBING, SUCKING, SLURKING NOISES... SOFT, WET MEAT NOISES
SOMETHING CLICKED
MY CONSCIOUS MIND BEGAN TO FUNCTION AGAIN I WAS SUDDENLY RATIONAL, AND I REALIZED WHERE I WAS.
THEY'D BROUGHT ME TO THEIR BREEDING-PENS

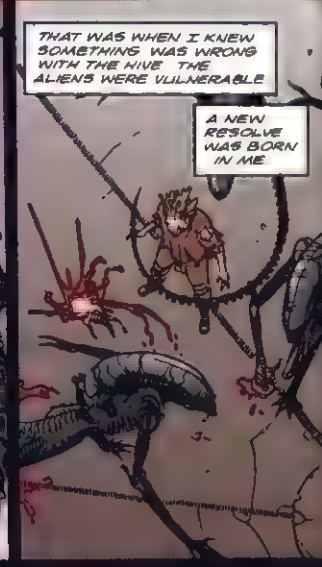

I SOMEHOW RECOGNIZED THE WOMAN IT WAS LOUISE CLARK

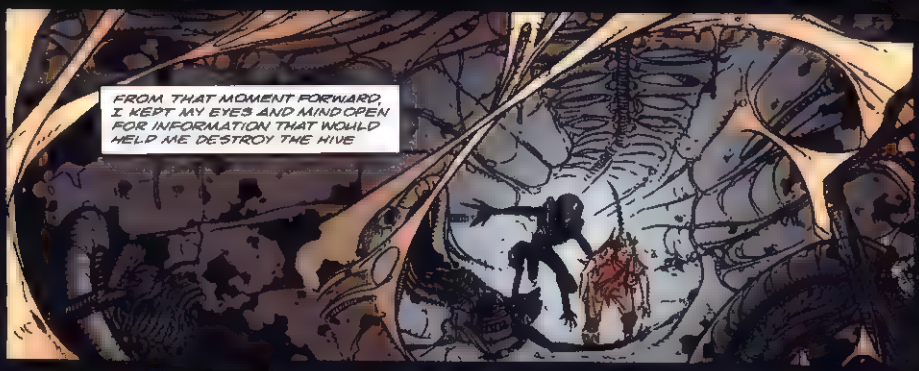
SHE WAS IMPOSSIBLY GRAVID... HUGELY, MONSTROUSLY SWOLLEN

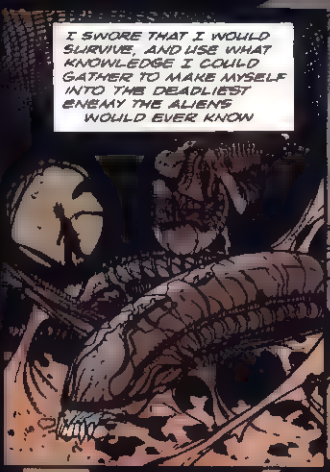
I WAS TORTURED BY A DESIRE TO DO SOMETHING FOR HER, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
THEN SHE DELIVERED


SHE SOUNDED VERY MUCH LIKE HER HUSBAND BEFORE SHE DIED.


IF THE ALIENS HAD HOPED FOR HOSTS TO BREED IN, THE... THE NEWBORN THINGS WERE OBVIOUSLY INADEQUATE THEY DID NOT SURVIVE AN HOUR

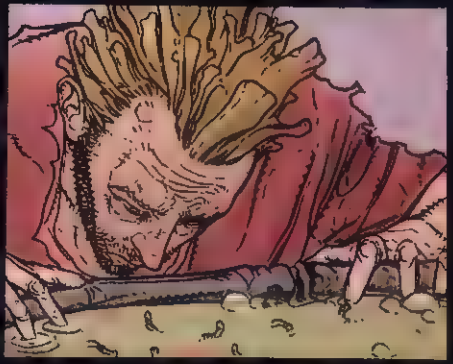

THAT WAS WHEN I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH THE HIVE THE ALIENS WERE VULNERABLE
A NEW RESOLVE WAS BORN IN ME

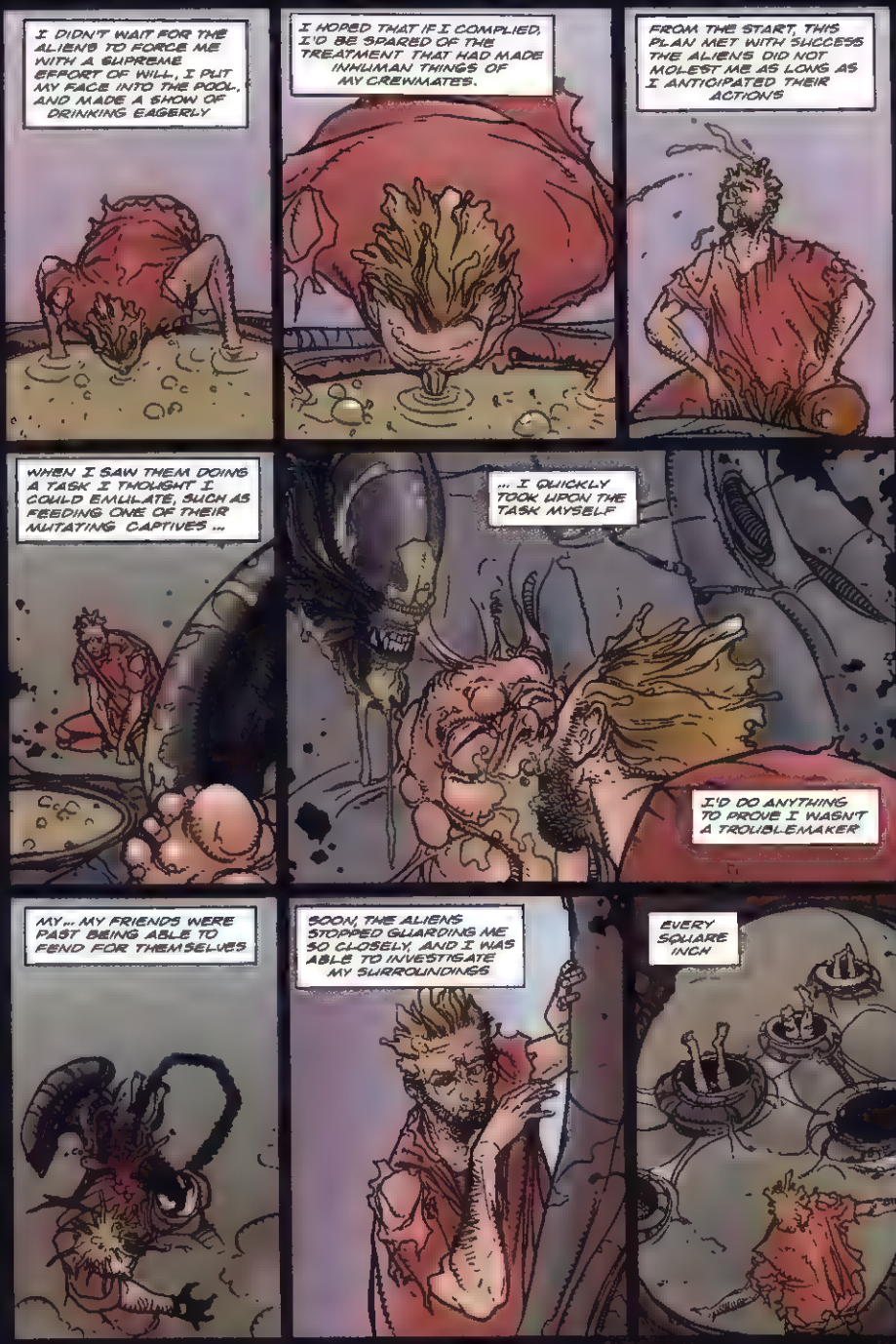

FROM THAT MOMENT FORWARD, I KEPT MY EYES AND MIND OPEN FOR INFORMATION THAT WOULD HELP ME DESTROY THE HIVE


I SWORE THAT I WOULD SURVIVE, AND USE WHAT KNOWLEDGE I COULD GATHER TO MAKE MYSELF INTO THE DEADLIEST ENEMY THE ALIENS WOULD EVER KNOW

I WAS TAKEN TO A CHAMBER WHERE I SAW WHAT WAS LEFT OF HEWETT AND JOHANSON. THEY WERE BEYOND BEING ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME

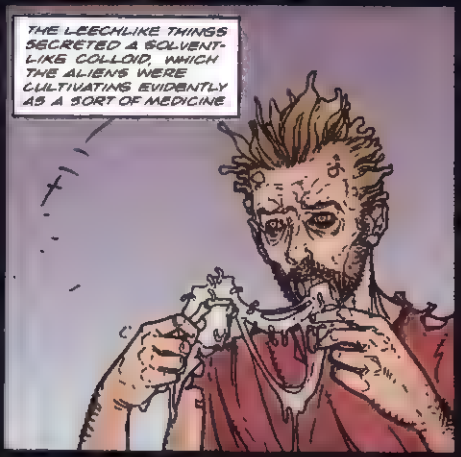
I WAS LED TO THAT STINKING POOL...




I DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE ALIENS TO FORCE ME WITH A SUPREME EFFORT OF WILL, I PUT MY FACE INTO THE POOL, AND MADE A SHOW OF DRINKING EAGERLY
I HOPED THAT IF I COMPLIED, I'D BE SPARED OF THE TREATMENT THAT HAD MADE INHUMAN THINGS OF MY CREWMATES.
FROM THE START, THIS PLAN MET WITH SUCCESS THE ALIENS DID NOT MOLEST ME AS LONG AS I ANTICIPATED THEIR ACTIONS
WHEN I SAW THEM DOING A TASK I THOUGHT I COULD EMULATE, SUCH AS FEEDING ONE OF THEIR MUTATING CAPTIVES ...
... I QUICKLY TOOK UPON THE TASK MYSELF
I'D DO ANYTHING TO PROVE I WASN'T A TROUBLEMAKER
MY... MY FRIENDS WERE PAST BEING ABLE TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES
SOON, THE ALIENS STOPPED GUARDING ME SO CLOSELY, AND I WAS ABLE TO INVESTIGATE MY SURROUNDINGS
EVERY SQUARE INCH

I GATHERED AS MANY SAMPLES OF ORGANIC SUBSTANCES AROUND ME AS I COULD, AND KEPT THEM HIDDEN IN A SMALL RECESS

I ACTUALLY CONDUCTED CRUDE EXPERIMENTS, TESTING THE REACTIONS OF THE SUBSTANCES ON ONE ANOTHER

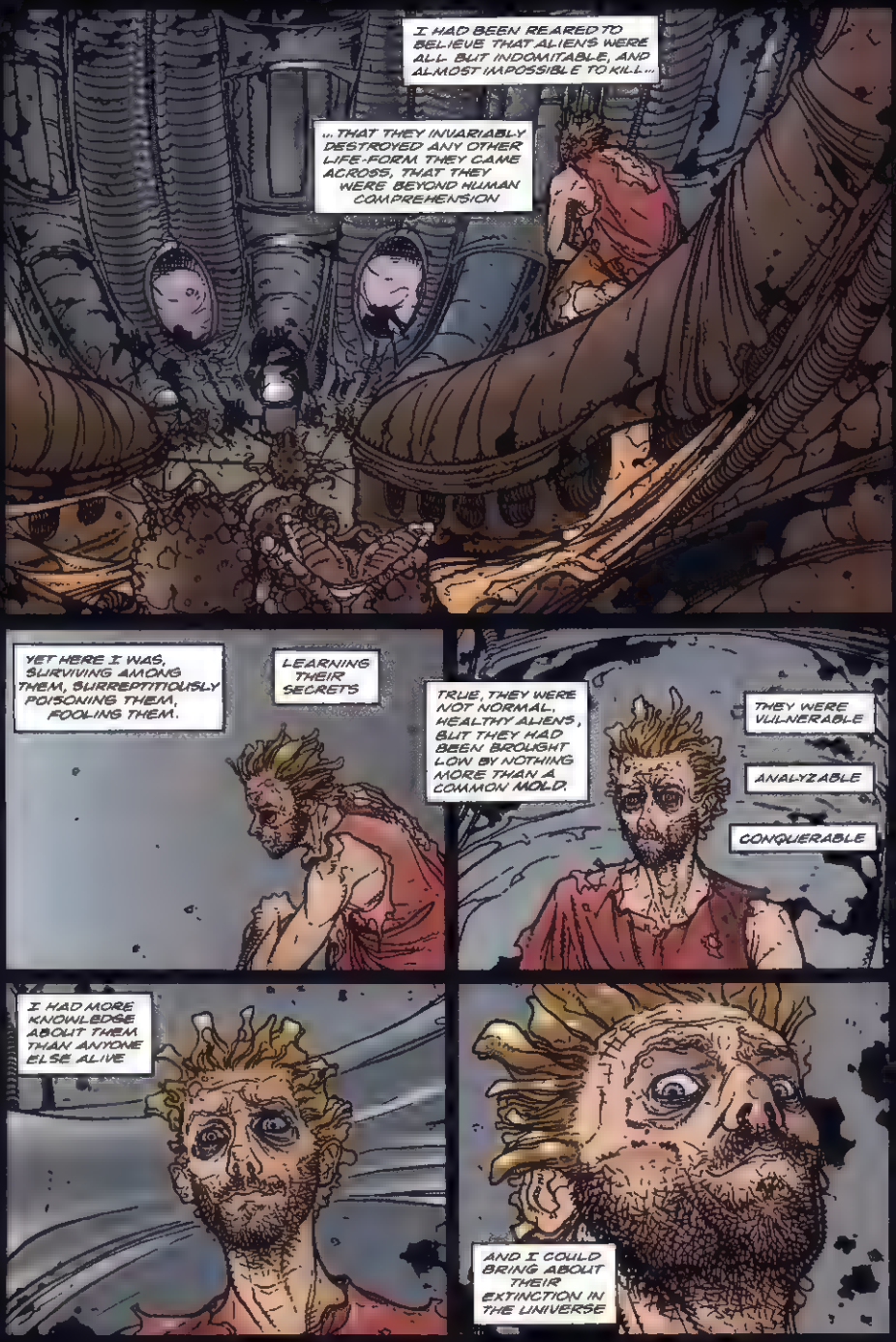

THE LEECHLIKE THINGS SECRETED A SOLVENT-LIKE COLLOID, WHICH THE ALIENS WERE CULTIVATING EVIDENTLY AS A SORT OF MEDICINE

I OBSERVED THAT A UBIQUITOUS BLACK MOLD PRODUCED TOXINS THAT WERE DESTROYING THE ALIENS

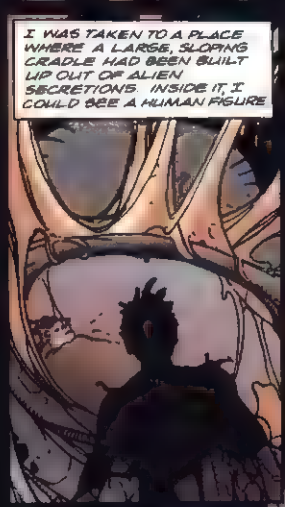
I HAD THE KEY TO THEIR SURVIVAL IN MY HAND.

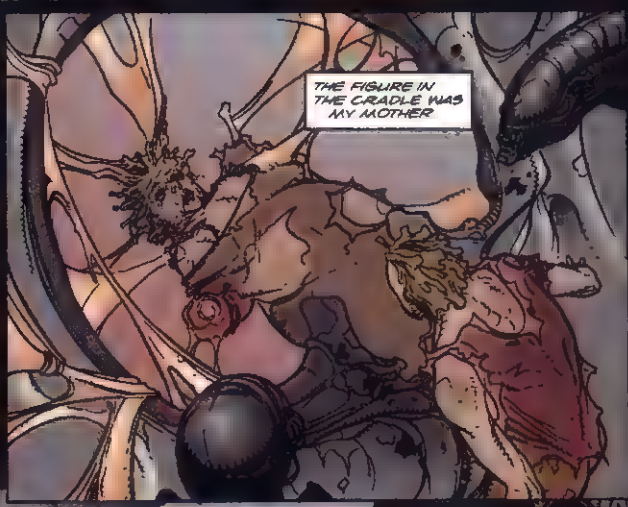
I IMMEDIATELY PUT MY FINDINGS TO USE, USING THE TOXIC MOLD TO DESTROY THE ALIENS' LIVING MEDICINE FACTORIES.

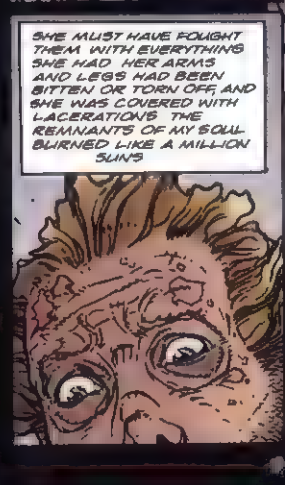
IT WAS AMAZING HOW WELL IT WORKED
I MADE USE OF EVERY CHANCE I HAD TO CONDUCT THIS BIOLOGICAL SABOTAGE
IT ALMOST SEEMED WRONG, DESTROYING THINGS WHICH I ONCE WOULD HAVE LOVED TO STUDY IN DEPTH..
..BUT I DID THE BEST I COULD
AT THAT POINT, ALL I WANTED WAS PROPER LAB EQUIPMENT
I USED MY CREWMATES' SKULLS FOR DISHES, LIGAMENTS FOR STRING, ARTERIES FOR TUBING, AND SKIN FOR FORMING VESSELS
THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE BECAME SECONDARY TO THE RESULTS OF MY EXPERIMENTS...
..WHICH ONLY GREW IN RANGE AND COMPLEXITY


I HAD BEEN REARED TO BELIEVE THAT ALIENS WERE ALL BUT INDOMITABLE, AND ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KILL...
...THAT THEY INVARIABLY DESTROYED ANY OTHER LIFE-FORM THEY CAME ACROSS, THAT THEY WERE BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION
YET HERE I WAS, SURVIVING AMONG THEM, SURREPTITIOUSLY POISONING THEM, FOOLING THEM.
LEARNING THEIR SECRETS
TRUE, THEY WERE NOT NORMAL, HEALTHY ALIENS, BUT THEY HAD BEEN BROUGHT LOW BY NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON MOLD.
THEY WERE VULNERABLE
ANALYZABLE
CONQUERABLE
I HAD MORE KNOWLEDGE ABOUT THEM THAN ANYONE ELSE ALIVE
AND I COULD BRING ABOUT THEIR EXTINCTION IN THE UNIVERSE

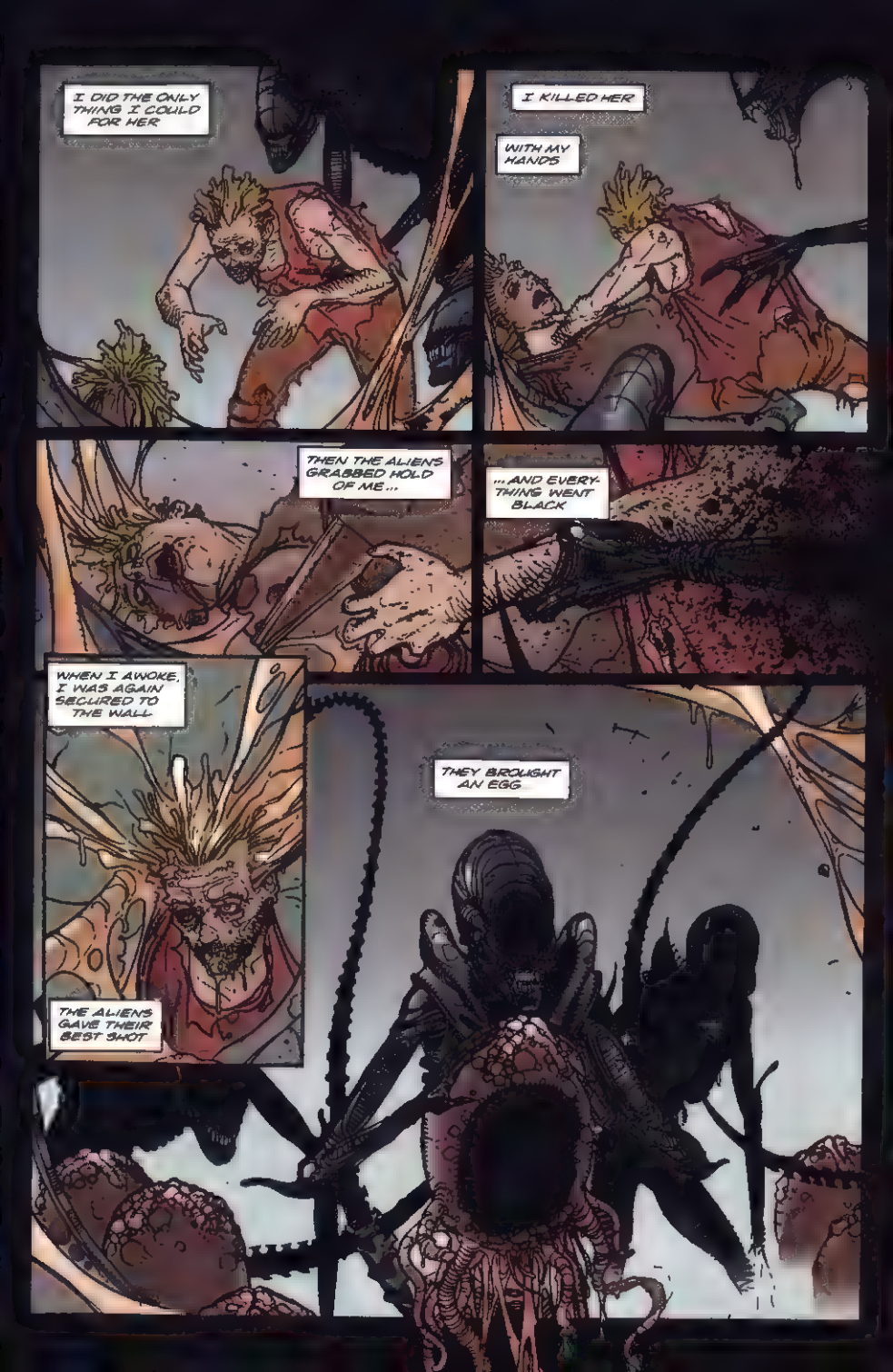
I WAS SO OBSESSED, I'D LONG STOPPED WONDERING HOW IT WOULD ALL END


I WAS TAKEN TO A PLACE WHERE A LARGE, SLOPING CRADLE HAD BEEN BUILT UP OUT OF ALIEN SECRETIONS. INSIDE IT, I COULD SEE A HUMAN FIGURE

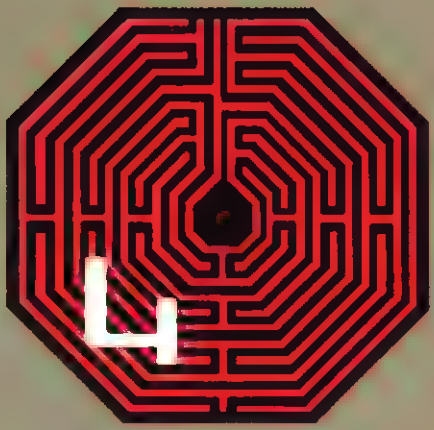

THE FIGURE IN THE CRADLE WAS MY MOTHER

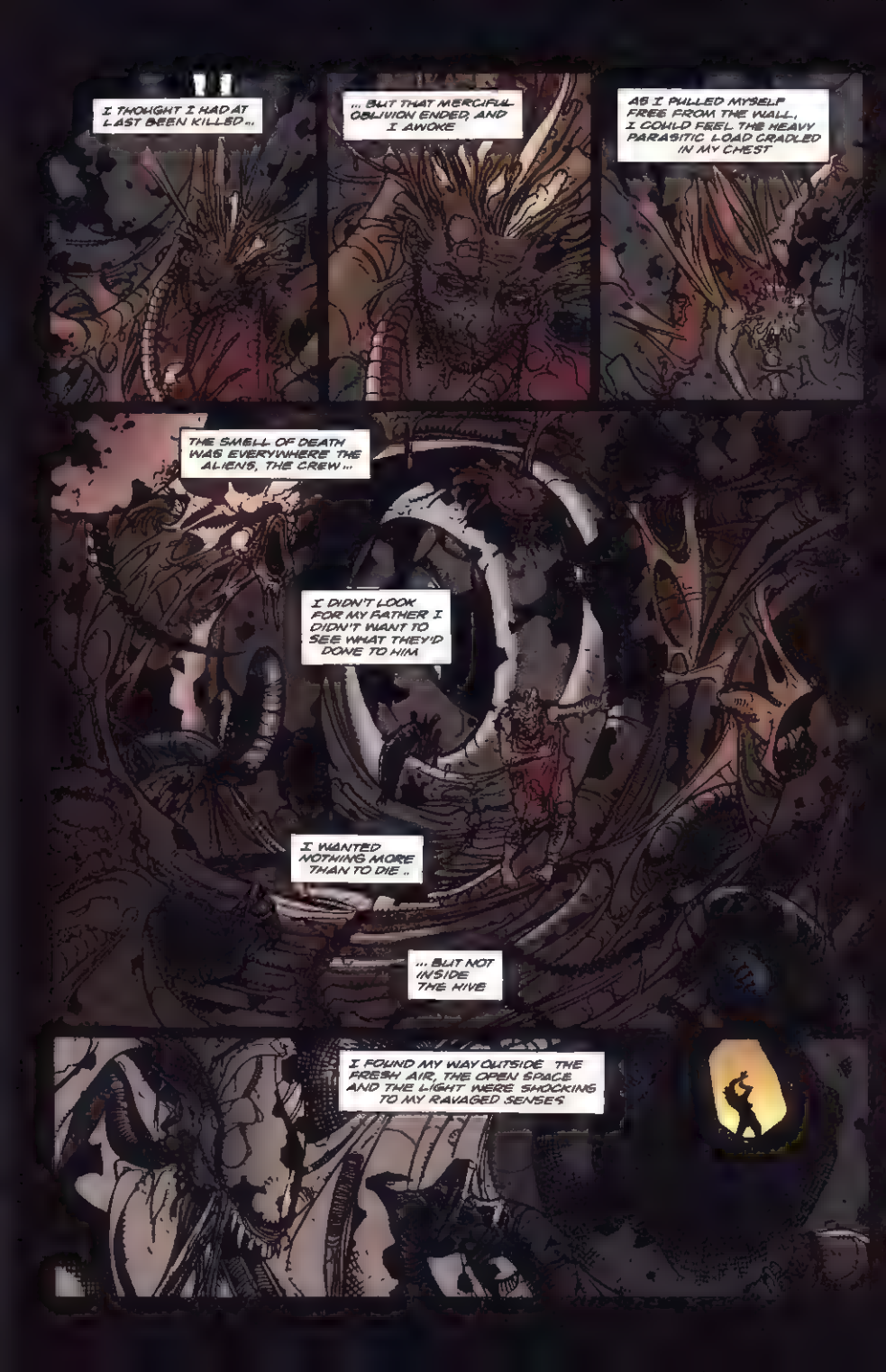

SHE MUST HAVE FOUGHT THEM WITH EVERYTHING SHE HAD. HER ARMS AND LEGS HAD BEEN BITTEN OR TORN OFF, AND SHE WAS COVERED WITH LACERATIONS. THE REMNANTS OF MY SOUL BURNED LIKE A MILLION SUNS

MY SANITY CURDLED AND I QUIVERED AND PREPARED TO DEPART FOREVER, AS I REALIZED WHAT THEY WANTED.
THEY WANTED US TO MATE

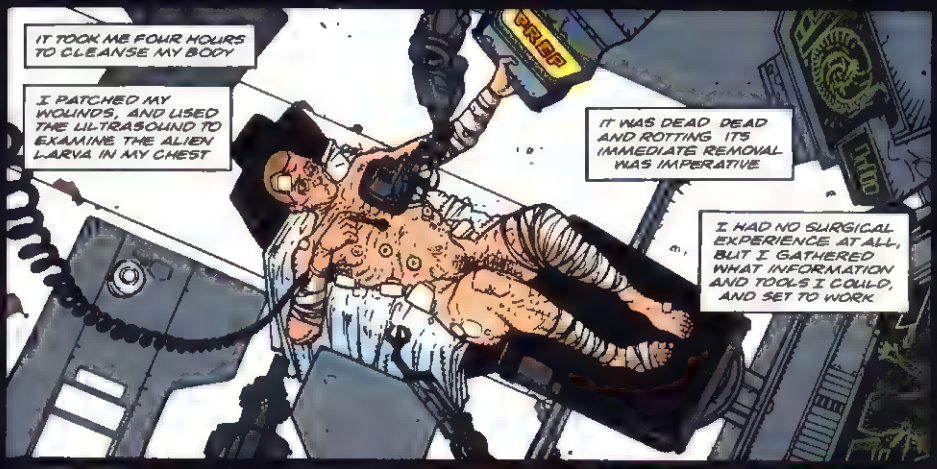

I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD FOR HER
I KILLED HER
WITH MY HANDS
THEN THE ALIENS GRABBED HOLD OF ME...
...AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK
WHEN I AWOKE, I WAS AGAIN SECURED TO THE WALL
THEY BROUGHT AN EGG
THE ALIENS GAVE THEIR BEST SHOT

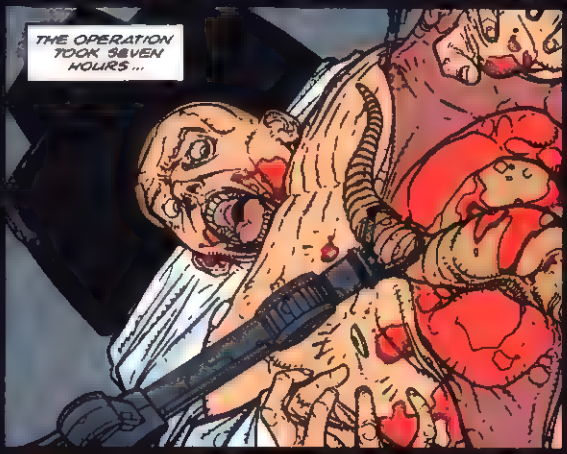
WELL, THEY TRIED ANYWAY
THE SICKNESS HAD AFFECTED EVEN THE EGGS THEY HAD TO HELP THE FACE-HUGGER ONTO MY FACE ...
STILL, IT WAS STRONGER THAN I
IT FORCED MY LIPS AND JAWS APART...
...AND SHOVED ITS PROBE DOWN MY TRACHEA ...
...AND INTO MY CHEST
BUT... HOW... HOW DID YOU SURVIVE ?
WHO SAYS I DID ?

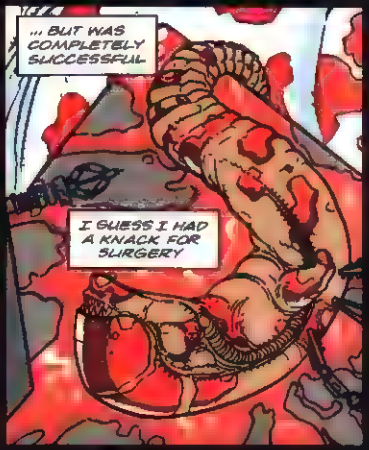

4

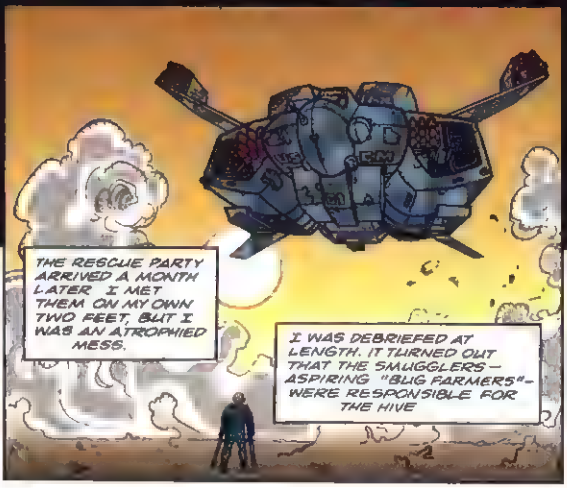

I THOUGHT I HAD AT LAST BEEN KILLED...
... BUT THAT MERCIFUL OBLIVION ENDED, AND I AWOKE
AS I PULLED MYSELF FREE FROM THE WALL, I COULD FEEL THE HEAVY PARASITIC LOAD CRADLED IN MY CHEST
THE SMELL OF DEATH WAS EVERYWHERE: THE ALIENS, THE CREW...
I DIDN'T LOOK FOR MY FATHER. I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE WHAT THEY'D DONE TO HIM
I WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO DIE..
... BUT NOT INSIDE THE HIVE
I FOUND MY WAY OUTSIDE. THE FRESH AIR, THE OPEN SPACE AND THE LIGHT WERE SHOCKING TO MY RAVAGED SENSES

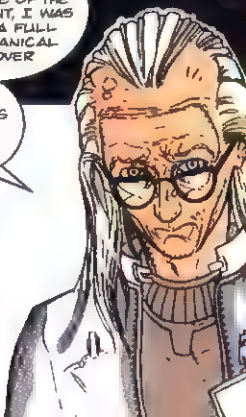
I PASSED THE SMUGGLER'S SHIP, AND RETURNED TO THE INCUNABULUM
IT WAS UNTOUCHED. POWER LEVELS FULL. IT HUMMED
THIS WAS MY HOME COMING OUR COMFORTABLE SHIP SWEET AND DEPENDABLE, FULL OF WARM GHOSTS THAT LOVED ME
I SAW THE CALENDAR I HAD BEEN IN THE HIVE FOR FORTY-THREE TERRESTRIAL DAYS
I THOUGHT OF MY FAMILY AND THOSE ALIENS AS THEY LAY DEAD TOGETHER, ALMOST IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS
IN DEATH, THEY WERE UNITED. I ALONE HAD EMERGED FROM THAT APOCALYPSE PERHAPS ... FOR A REASON?
SUDDENLY, I WANTED ... I WAS DESPERATE TO LIVE
AND I SENT A DISTRESS SIGNAL


IT TOOK ME FOUR HOURS TO CLEANSE MY BODY
I PATCHED MY WOUNDS, AND USED THE ULTRASOUND TO EXAMINE THE ALIEN LARVA IN MY CHEST
IT WAS DEAD DEAD AND ROTTING ITS IMMEDIATE REMOVAL WAS IMPERATIVE
I HAD NO SURGICAL EXPERIENCE AT ALL, BUT I GATHERED WHAT INFORMATION AND TOOLS I COULD, AND SET TO WORK


THE OPERATION TOOK SEVEN HOURS...


...BUT WAS COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL
I GUESS I HAD A KNACK FOR SURGERY


THE RESCUE PARTY ARRIVED A MONTH LATER I MET THEM ON MY OWN TWO FEET, BUT I WAS AN ATROPHIED MESS.
I WAS DEBRIEFED AT LENGTH. IT TURNED OUT THAT THE SMUGGLERS — ASPIRING "BUG FARMERS" — WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HIVE


THE COMPANY CONSIDERED MY EXPERIENCE MOST VALUABLE
AS COMPENSATION FOR MY ORDEAL IN THE SERVICE OF THE GOVERNMENT, I WAS GRANTED A FULL BIOMECHANICAL MAKEOVER
I'VE BEEN STUDYING ALIENS EVER SINCE

THERE ARE NO LAWS THAT GOVERN MY RESEARCH ABOARD THIS STATION. MY WORK IS BLASPHEMOUS... ABOMINABLE... ILLEGAL.

ORIGINALLY, I TRIED TO DEVELOP A VIRAL BOMB TO ELIMINATE ALIENS FOREVER. BUT MY EXPERIMENTS YIELDED UNEXPECTED, MIRACULOUS RESULTS.

YOU'VE HEARD RUMORS, NO DOUBT NUMEROUS METABIOTICS, SELF-REPLICATING BRAIN TISSUE, ACQUIRED INFRA-SENSORY ABILITIES, THE SO-CALLED "TIME SERUM"...

THE TIME SERUM? YOUR WORK?

YES, CRESPI THE RESULTS WILL BENEFIT--

RESULTS?!

YOU... YOU KILLED THESE MEN FOR... FOR SCIENCE?!

I'VE KILLED NO ONE. I APPROPRIATED THE BODIES OF SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY. BUT REALLY, MCGUINNESS, YOU ALREADY KNEW THE TRUTH.

I HAD NO IDEA YOU...

OH, PLEASE STOP. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE HANDY WITH SPY CAMERAS. YOU SHOWED CRESPI A DOCTORED PHOTO AND CONVINCED HIM THAT YOU AND DAVID LENNOX WERE ENGAGED.

WHAT?!

DAVID WAS A BODY DONOR. HE BELIEVED IN ME.

YOU NEVER EVEN KNEW HIM. I SHOULD [redacted]...

YOU... YOU...

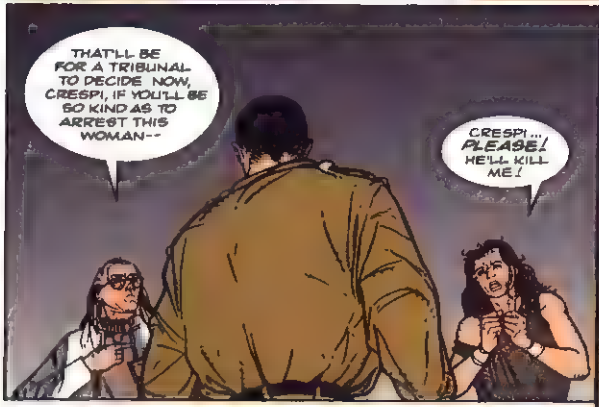
DAVID AND I WERE LOVERS.

NO!

YES.

HE'S LYING, CRESPI! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!
SEE HERE, CRESPI. MORTENSON WAS A SPY FOR GRANT CORPORATION

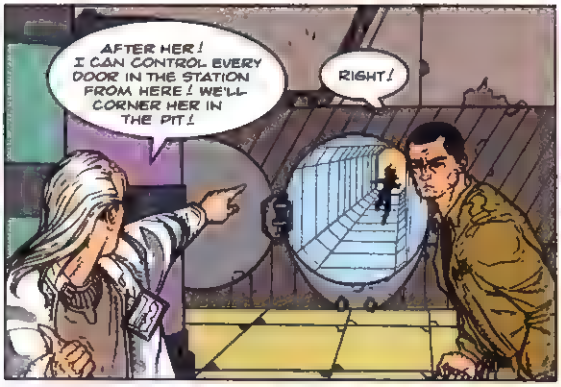
ADMIRAL THAVES PEGGED MORTENSON. WE PUT HIM ON SHIP'S ORDERS TO KEEP HIM UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE MCGUINNESS WAS HIS PARTNER
IT'S A LIE!

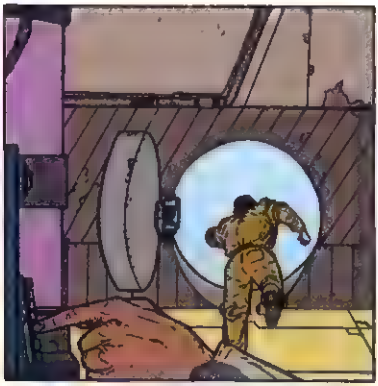

THAT'LL BE FOR A TRIBUNAL TO DECIDE. NOW, CRESPI, IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND AS TO ARREST THIS WOMAN--
CRESPI... PLEASE! HE'LL KILL ME!

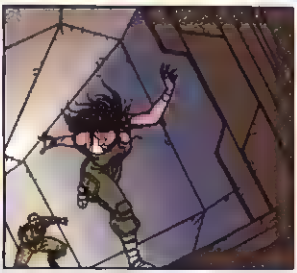
I...

I'M SORRY, MCGUINNESS, BUT I ...
YOU MONSTERS.

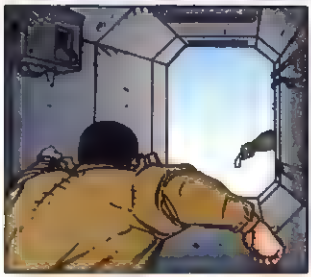
MCGUINNESS!


AFTER HER! I CAN CONTROL EVERY DOOR IN THE STATION FROM HERE! WE'LL CORNER HER IN THE PIT!
RIGHT!





AAAAGH!



GIVE IT UP, MCGUINNESS

STUPID... STUPID...

CLANG

HE'S GOT US

YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HER, CRESPI

CHURCH?! WHAT THE DEVIL ARE--

OH, PLEASE YOU FLATTER YOURSELF BY BEING SURPRISED AT HOW EASILY YOU'VE BEEN DECEIVED.

YOU ARE THE SLAVE OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT AND WHAT ARE THEY? PROSTHETIC ABSTRACTIONS CONCEIVED BY EMBRYONIC MINDS... UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE TRUTH WHERE DOES GOOD EXIST?

IN YOUR EMPTY SKULL

YOU CAN BE BOUGHT WITH A COOKIE... FOOLED WITH THREE WORDS. GOD, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW I SEE YOU... HUMANS

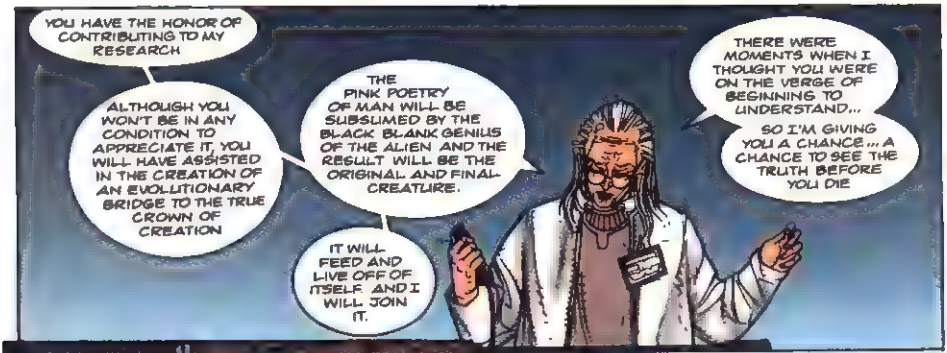
BUT YOU'RE HU--

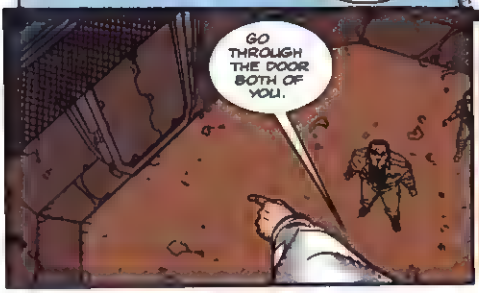
DO SHUT UP, CRESPI MUST YOU ALWAYS BELIEVE IN APPEARANCES?

I DIDN'T SURVIVE THE HIVE I AM THE HIVE WHEN I LOOK THE COSMOS IN THE EYE, IT BLINKS

AND YOU... THE GOOD SOLDIER, SO PROUD OF YOUR BRAINS AND COURAGE. TEN-HUT! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FATUOUS RAH-RAH BOY I CANNOT HATE YOU ENOUGH

BUT THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU YET


YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF CONTRIBUTING TO MY RESEARCH
ALTHOUGH YOU WON'T BE IN ANY CONDITION TO APPRECIATE IT, YOU WILL HAVE ASSISTED IN THE CREATION OF AN EVOLUTIONARY BRIDGE TO THE TRUE CROWN OF CREATION
THE PINK POETRY OF MAN WILL BE SUBSUMED BY THE BLACK BLANK GENIUS OF THE ALIEN AND THE RESULT WILL BE THE ORIGINAL AND FINAL CREATURE.
IT WILL FEED AND LIVE OFF OF ITSELF AND I WILL JOIN IT.
THERE WERE MOMENTS WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON THE VERGE OF BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND...
SO I'M GIVING YOU A CHANCE... A CHANCE TO SEE THE TRUTH BEFORE YOU DIE


GO THROUGH THE DOOR BOTH OF YOU.

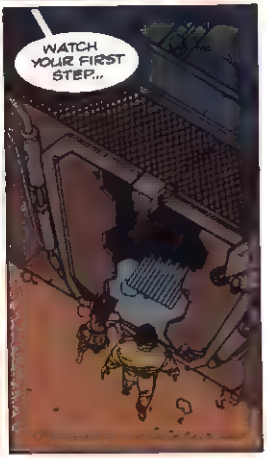
GO TO HELL!

BEEN THERE

MUUUUUUHHHHN
STOHHHHHP!

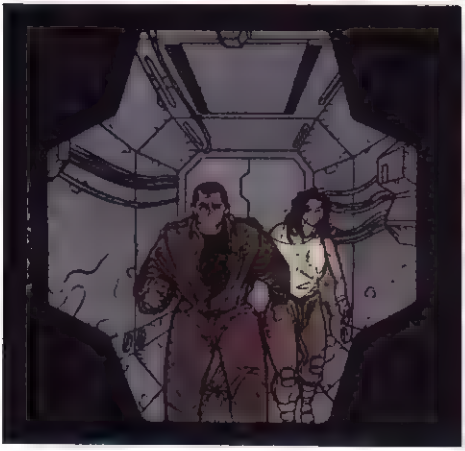
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF SPORT? MAKE IT THROUGH THE LABYRINTH AND I MIGHT EVEN LET YOU LIVE

YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO.
COME ON LET'S GO


WATCH YOUR FIRST STEP...

...IT'S A LULU!
NOW I'M REALLY SORRY, MCGUINNESS--
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT... IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT

MOVE ALONG NOW, CHILDREN, OR I'LL FRY YOU WHERE YOU STAND



CRESP

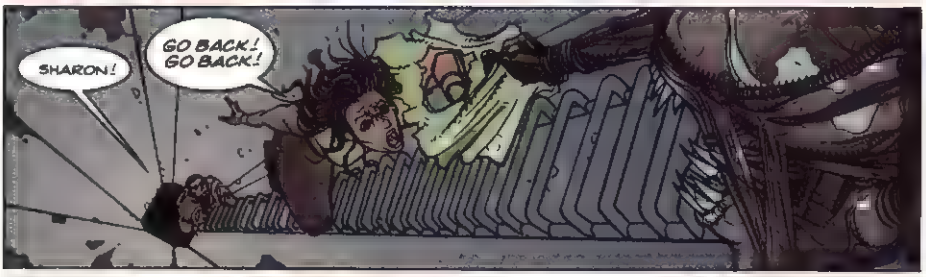
SSSS

QUICK! THIS WAY!

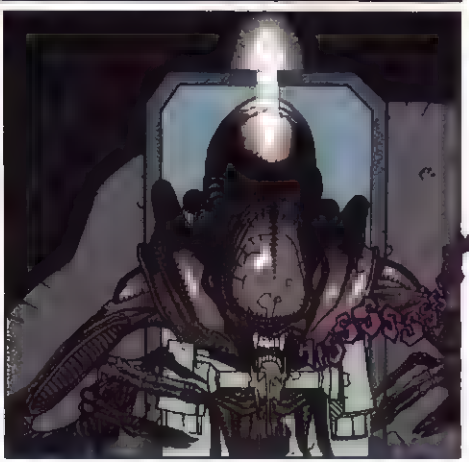
SEE ANY-THING?
NO... JUST IT'S DARK

WAIT... THERE'S LIGHT IT'S...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!


SHARON!
GO BACK! GO BACK!

UNF!



IT'S LOOSE!
WH-WH-WHY DON'T THEY G-GET IT OVER WITH?

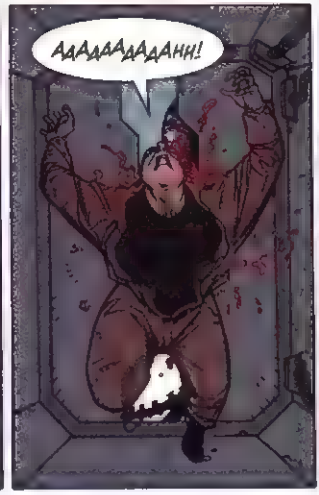
THEY... THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THEM
CHURCH'S EXPERIMENTS HAVE WEAKENED THEM
CRESPI

WHICH MEANS...?
WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE!

THE DOOR! MOVE!

RRRRRAUGH!

HURNT!


AAAAAAAAAAHH!

CRESPI?!

OH, MY GOD, CRESPI, YOU'RE REALLY HURT!
I'M ... I'M FINE AND I'M GOING TO GET US OUT OF HERE!
CHURCH WANTED TO SHOW US ...
... BUT I'LL SHOW --

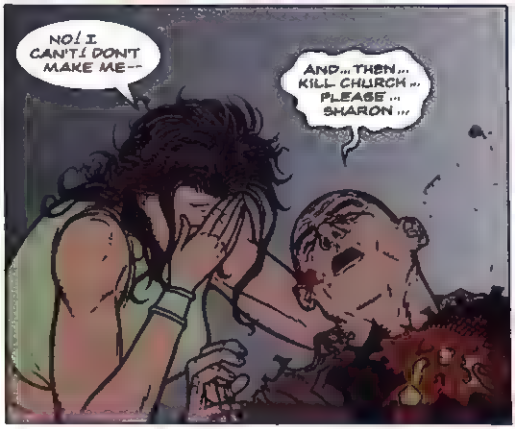
HURRRAAAGH!
SHREEEEEEEEEK

AAAAURGH!
NO!
CHUSK

CRESPI! DON'T MOVE! LET ME--
HUUERGH!

YUH-YUH YOU D-DON'T HAVE TO T-TELL ME.
SOMETHING... I'M COLD... THIS IS REALLY... IT...

OH GOD, CRESPI! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU--
YES, YOU CAN... DON'T LET THEM... DON'T LET HIM... PLEASE... KILL ME...


NO! I CAN'T! DON'T MAKE ME--
AND... THEN... KILL CHURCH... PLEASE... SHARON...

PLEASE... PLEASE... PLEASE...

KRAKK

CHURCH!
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU BASTARD!
BASTARD!
UHHH!

MCGUINNESS! I AM SURPRISED

YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE ME SOME VERY BEAUTIFUL CHEMICALS

AND THEN, I THINK I'LL ARRANGE FOR YOU AND LENNOX TO SPEND SOME QUALITY TIME TOGETHER

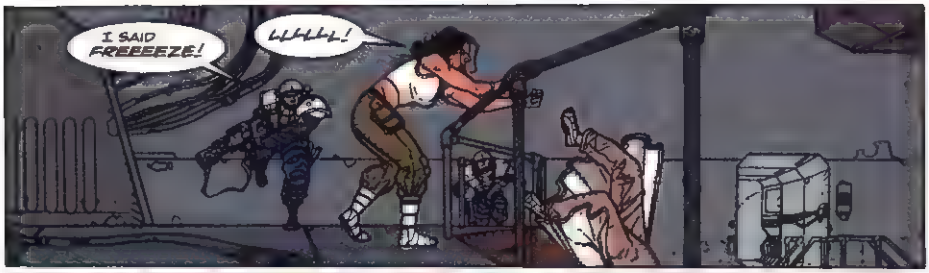
YAUUUUUUUUGH!

UH-OH HERE COMES YOUR DANCE PARTNER

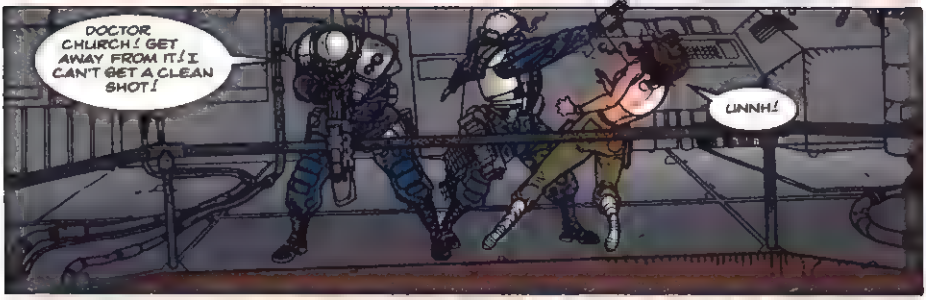
CAREFUL, TRIXIE. MUSTN'T GRAB MCGUINNESS MIGHT GIVE YOU A PIECE OF HER MIND!

YOU UGLY MOTHER-
AARRRRGH!
YOU'RE DEAD CHURCH! DEAD!
WHAT? BUT... THERE'S NO TELEPATHINE IN YOUR--
SCREW TELEPATHINE! I WANT YOU...
...DEAD!

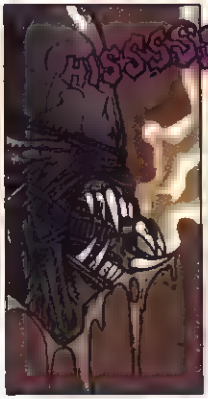
YOU... YOU BROKE THE FORCE FIELD!
YOU REALLY ARE UPSET, AREN'T YOU?
LICK!
RRRRRLLLL!
HURNT!
FREEZE!
LLLLL!
NO!

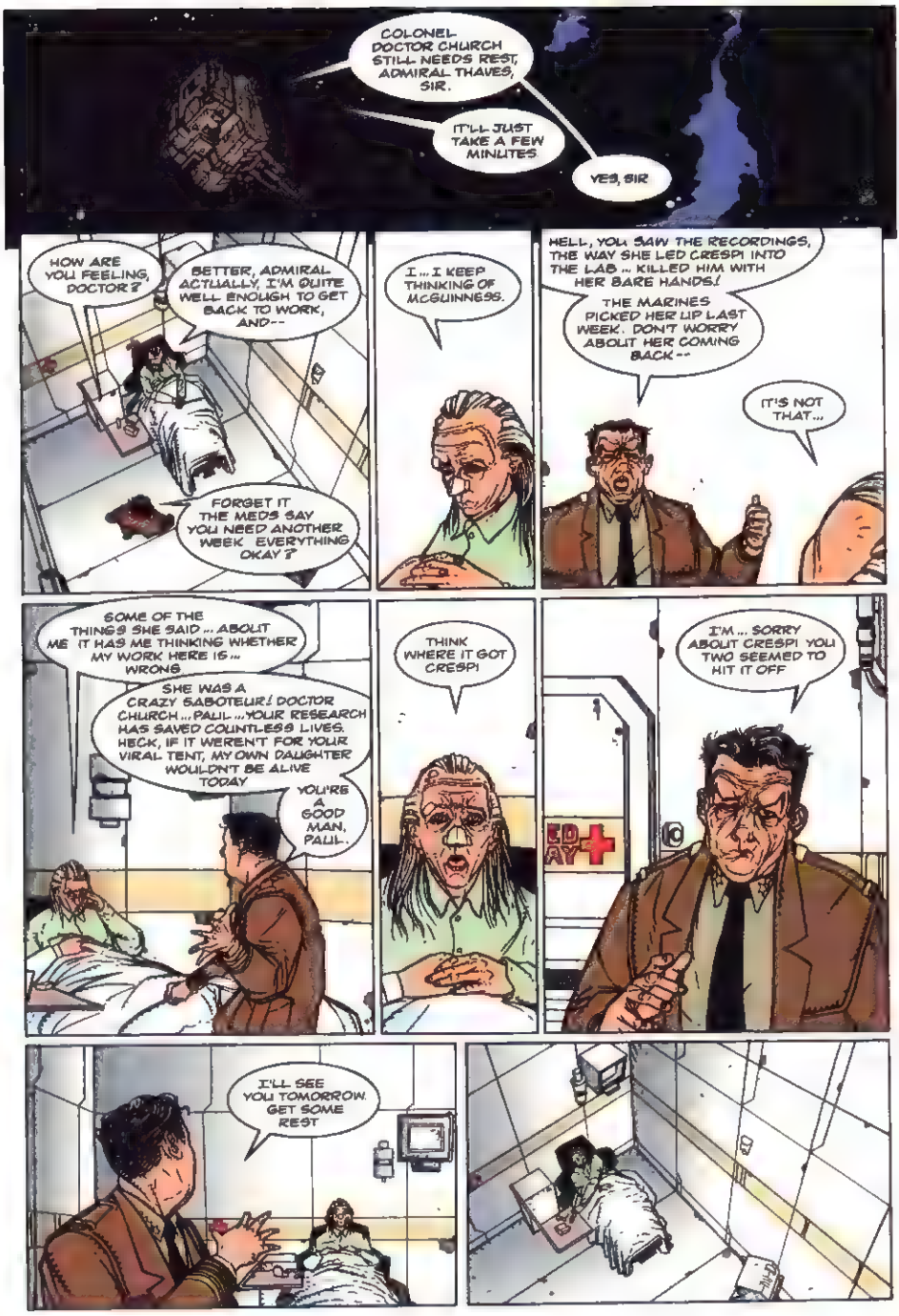

I SAID FREEEEZE!
LLLLLL!

AAAAGH!


DOCTOR CHURCH! GET AWAY FROM IT! I CAN'T GET A CLEAN SHOT!
UNNH!

HELLO, TRIXIE
MISS ME?




COLONEL DOCTOR CHURCH STILL NEEDS REST, ADMIRAL THAVES, SIR.
IT'LL JUST TAKE A FEW MINUTES
YES, SIR
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, DOCTOR?
BETTER, ADMIRAL. ACTUALLY, I'M QUITE WELL ENOUGH TO GET BACK TO WORK, AND--
FORGET IT. THE MEDS SAY YOU NEED ANOTHER WEEK. EVERYTHING OKAY?
I... I KEEP THINKING OF McGUINNESS.
HELL, YOU SAW THE RECORDINGS, THE WAY SHE LED CRESPI INTO THE LAB... KILLED HIM WITH HER BARE HANDS!
THE MARINES PICKED HER UP LAST WEEK. DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER COMING BACK--
IT'S NOT THAT...
SOME OF THE THINGS SHE SAID... ABOUT ME. IT HAS ME THINKING WHETHER MY WORK HERE IS... WRONG.
SHE WAS A CRAZY SABOTEUR! DOCTOR CHURCH... PAUL... YOUR RESEARCH HAS SAVED COUNTLESS LIVES. HECK, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR VIRAL TENT, MY OWN DAUGHTER WOULDN'T BE ALIVE TODAY.
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, PAUL.
THINK WHERE IT GOT CRESPI.
I'M... SORRY ABOUT CRESPI. YOU TWO SEEMED TO HIT IT OFF.
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW. GET SOME REST.

WHIRRRRRRR-KLIK

I...

I HOPE YOU KNOW, TONY...
...NONE OF THIS IS PERSONAL

the
creative
team

KILIAN PLUNKETT

photo: Catherine Cooney

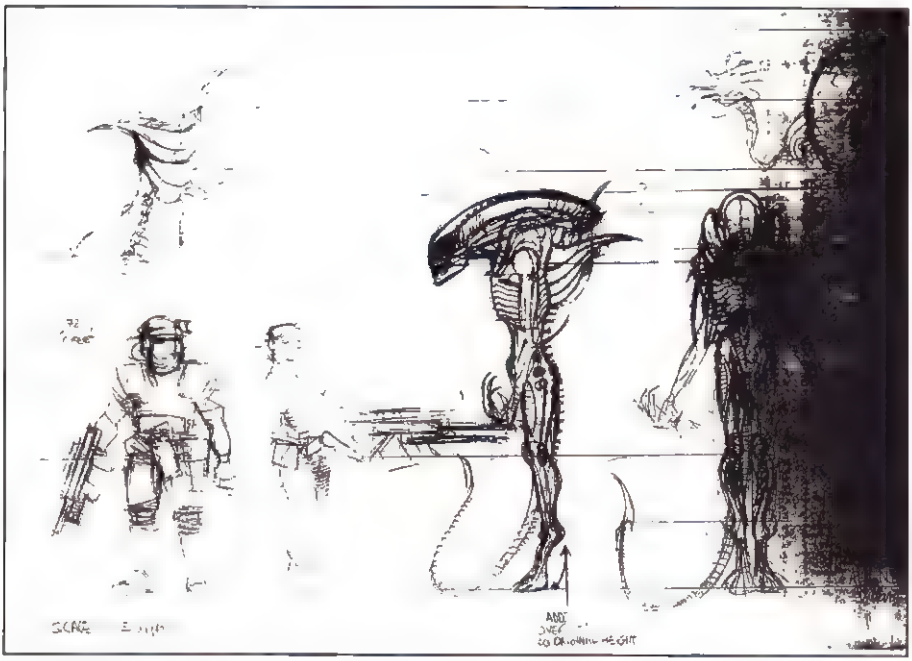
Kilian Plunkett was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1971 where he led an idyllic childhood until one day, quite out of the blue, his mother hit him on the head with a garage door. Things haven't been quite the same since.

After graduating from secondary school, Plunkett attended the Dun Leary School of Art where for four years he perfected his craft then finished with an art degree. Not long after, at Dark Horse Comics, a submission of Plunkett's work made its way to editor Ryder Windham, who was looking for an artist to draw — yes, you guessed it — **Aliens: Labyrinth**.

Plunkett hotfooted it to Portland where he presently shares a flat with a variety of mechanical pets and model dinosaurs. When not drawing, he can be found muttering "'s crap," quaffing the Blue Moon special, or playing Sega™ Genesis™. He is currently illustrating **Star Wars: Shadows of the Empire**. Other recent credits include work for Roger Corman's Cosmic Comics and for Mayfair games.

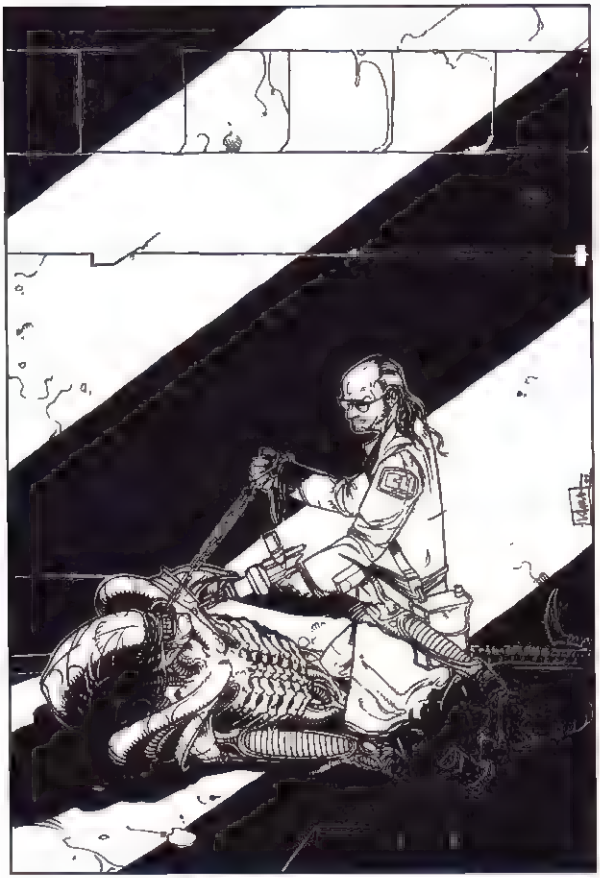
Kilian's unrevised line-art cover of **Aliens: Labyrinth** #1.

This happy li'l Alien was attached to the finished pages for #1.

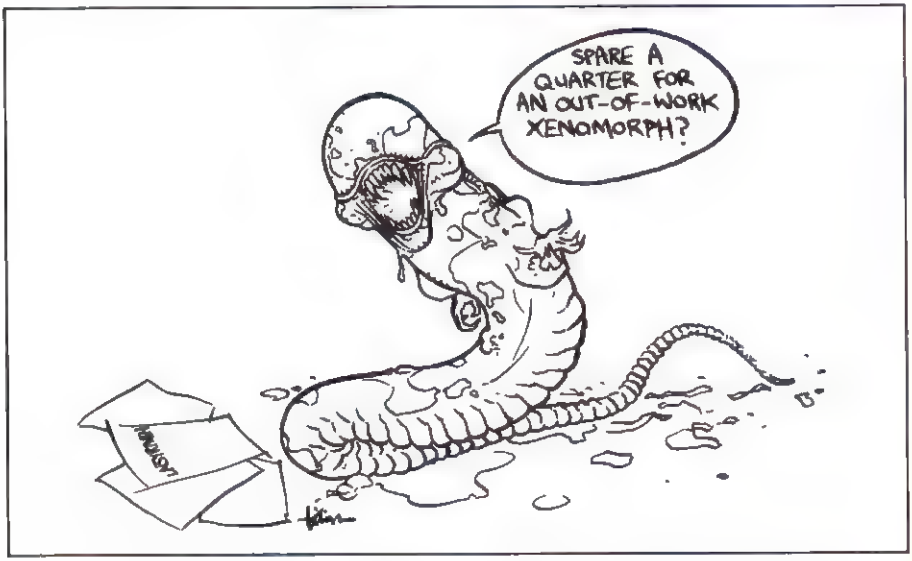


Series editor Ryder Windham sent these sketches of Kilian's to Jim Woodring at the start of the project

When Kilian was being considered for ***Aliens: Labyrinth****, Dark Horse requested that he draw several sketches based on H. R. Giger's Aliens designs. At right is one of those try-out pieces.*



In reaction to the almost complete lack of chestbursters in ***Aliens: Labyrinth****, Kilian enclosed the sketch below with some finished pages.*



JIM WOODRING

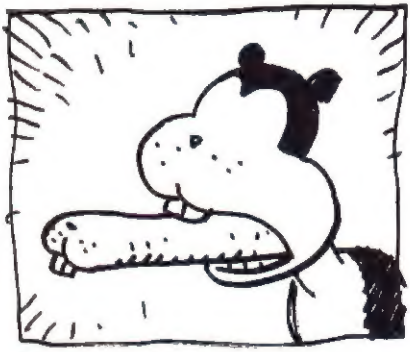
Jim Woodring was born in Los Angeles in 1952, and had a childhood plagued by nightmares, paranoid delusions, and hallucinations. After barely graduating from high school, he embarked upon a career as a garbage man but was unable to make the grade and turned seriously to cartooning instead.

Striving to examine and comprehend the wreckage of his life, Woodring began writing and drawing revelatory comics and stories that he self-published in **Jim**. In 1986, **Jim** joined the Fantagraphics Books line of high-grade comics literature.

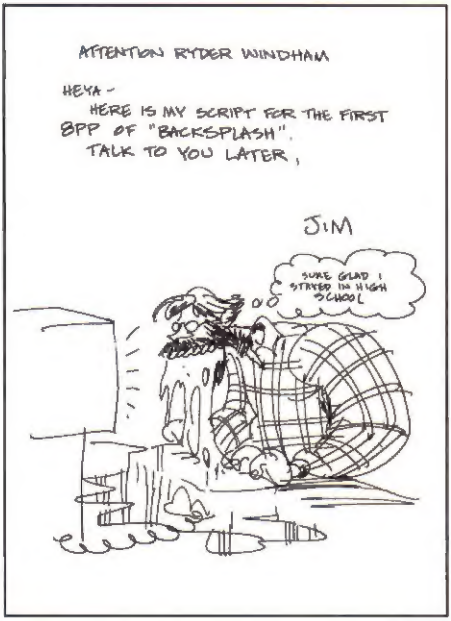
Woodring has been involved in a number of projects including the Harvey Award-winning series **Tantalizing Stories** (co-produced with Mark Martin), an adaptation of the classic horror film **Freaks**, and two book collections of his work.

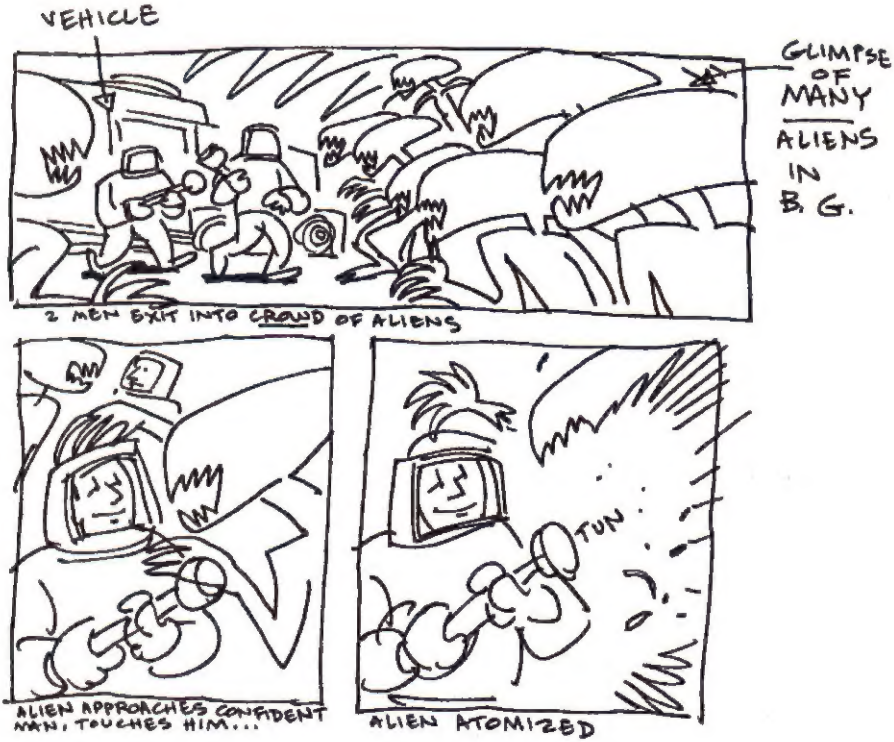
He lives in Seattle with his family and animals.

At right, a series of three cover letters from Jim to series editor Ryder Windham speak for themselves . . .

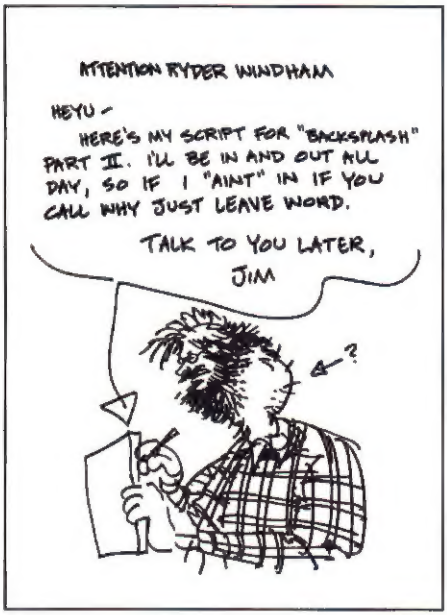


Fans of the award-winning ***Tantalizing Stories*** *should recognize Jim's character, Frank, doing his best imitation of an Alien.*





An ***Aliens: Labyrinth*** page layout drawn by Jim to clarify the storytelling in one of the original issues.



*With the finished **Aliens: Labyrinth** script, Jim included this blood-soaked self-portrait.*

TRADE PAPERBACK AND HARDCOVER BOOKS AVAILABLE FROM DARK HORSE

ALIENS: BOOK ONE
Mark Verheiden & Mark A. Nelson
168-page B&W paperback
Order #91-026 $11.95 U.S. $14.35 Canada
ALIENS: VOLUME TWO
Mark Verheiden & Denis Beauvais
112-page full color paperback
Order #43-146 $12.95 U.S. $16.20 Canada
ALIENS: EARTH WAR
Mark Verheiden & Sam Kieth
112-page full color paperback
Order #91-031 $13.95 U.S. $16.75 Canada
ALIENS: GENOCIDE
John Arcudi, Damon Willis, & Karl Story
112-page full color paperback
Order #92-257 $13.95 U.S. $16.75 Canada
ALIENS: HIVE
Jerry Prosser & Kelley Jones
112-page full color paperback
Order #92-574 $13.95 U.S. $16.95 Canada
ALIENS: LABYRINTH
Jim Woodring & Kilian Plunkett
136-page full color paperback
Order #44-831 $17.95 U.S. $25.15 Canada
ALIENS: ROGUE
Ian Edginton & Will Simpson
112-page full color paperback
Order #43-471 $14.95 U.S. $20.95 Canada
ALIENS: TRIBES
Stephen Bissette & Dave Dorman
72-page color paperback
Order #43-101 $11.95 U.S. $14.95 Canada

ALIENS VERSUS PREDATOR
Randy Stradley, Phill Norwood, Chris Warner, Karl Story, & Robert Campanella
176-page color paperback
Order #91-016 $19.95 U.S. $27.95 Canada

ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET IT RIGHT
Andrew Vachss
64-page B&W paperback
Order #44-826 $9.95 U.S. $13.95 Canada

BADLANDS
Steven Grant & Vince Giarrano
180-page B&W paperback
Order #92-088 $13.95 U.S. $17.45 Canada

THE BEST OF DARK HORSE PRESENTS
Volume One
128-page B&W paperback
Order #91-077 $5.95 U.S. $8.35 Canada
Volume Two
112-page B&W paperback
Order #91-078 $8.95 U.S. $10.75 Canada
Volume Three
144-page B&W paperback
Order #92-778 $12.95 U.S. $16.20 Canada

BILLI 99
Sarah E. Byam & Tim Sale
Book One
48-page B&W paperback
Order #91-081 $3.50 U.S. $4.25 Canada
Book Two
48-page B&W paperback
Order #91-082 $3.50 U.S. $4.25 Canada
Book Three
48-page B&W paperback
Order #91-083 $3.50 U.S. $4.25 Canada
Book Four
squarebound paperback
Order #91-084 $3.95 U.S. $4.75 Canada

THE BOOK OF NIGHT
Charles Vess
112-page B&W and color paperback
Order #91-088 $12.95 U.S. $17.95 Canada

CONCRETE: FRAGILE CREATURE
Paul Chadwick
160-page color paperback
Order #43-341 $15.95 U.S. $22.35 Canada
CONCRETE: THE COMPLETE
Paul Chadwick
320-page B&W paperback
Order #44-193 $24.95 U.S. $34.95 Canada

THE DIRTY PAIR: A PLAGUE OF ANGELS
Adam Warren & Toren Smith
152-page B&W paperback
Order #92-807 $12.95 U.S. $17.50 Canada
THE DIRTY PAIR: SIM HELL
Adam Warren
104-page B&W paperback
Order #44-347 $12.95 U.S. $18.15 Canada

DOMINION
Masamune Shirow
214-page B&W paperback
Order #92-758 $13.95 U.S. $17.45 Canada

DON MARTIN'S DROLL BOOK
Don Martin
128-page B&W paperback
Order #92-331 $9.95 U.S. $11.95 Canada

GRENDEL: WAR CHILD
Matt Wagner & Patrick McEown
304-page color paperback
Order #92-812 $18.95 U.S. $23.70 Canada
GRENDEL TALES: FOUR DEVILS, ONE HELL
James Robinson
168-page color paperback
[illegible]

GIVE ME LIBERTY 2ND EDITION
Frank Miller & Dave Gibbons
288-page color paperback
Order #44-329 $19.95 U.S. $27.95 Canada

GHOST STORIES
Various Artists
96-page color paperback
Order #44-476 $8.95 U.S. $12.55 Canada

GODZILLA 2ND EDITION
Kazuhisa Iwata
200-page B&W and paperback
Order #44-860 $17.95 U.S. $25.15 Canada

HARD BOILED
Frank Miller & Geof Darrow
128-page color paperback
Order #92-723 $14.95 U.S. $18.70 Canada

HELLBOY: SEED OF DESTRUCTION
Mike Mignola
128-page color paperback
Order #44-182 $17.95 U.S. $24.95 Canada

INDIANA JONES AND THE FATE OF ATLANTIS
Hal Barwood, Noah Falstein, Dan Barry, & Karl Kesel
112-page color paperback
Order #92-265 $12.95 U.S. $16.95 Canada

JAMES BOND: SERPENT'S TOOTH
Doug Moench
160-page color paperback
Order #92-746 $15.95 U.S. $22.45 Canada

DANGER UNLIMITED
John Byrne
112-page color paperback
Order #44-584 $14.95 U.S. $20.95 Canada
JOHN BYRNE'S NEXT MEN
John Byrne
Volume One
144-page color paperback
Order #92-688 $16.95 U.S. $21.50 Canada
Volume Two: Parallel
120-page color paperback
Order #43-411 $16.95 U.S. $22.95 Canada
Volume Three: Fame
160-page color paperback
Order #43-152 $16.95 U.S. $23.75 Canada
Volume Four: Faith
104-page color paperback
Order #43-306 $14.95 U.S. $20.95 Canada
Volume Five: Power
120-page color paperback
Order #43-310 $16.95 U.S. $23.75 Canada
2112
John Byrne
64-page color paperback
Order #91-265 $9.95 U.S. $13.95 Canada

KLING KLANG KLATCH
Ian McDonald & David Lyttleton
64-page color paperback
Order #92-635 $11.95 U.S. $13.95 Canada

THE LUCK IN THE HEAD
M. John Harrison & Ian Miller
64-page color paperback
Order #92-740 $11.95 U.S. $13.95 Canada

THE MASK
John Arcudi & Doug Mahnke
160-page color paperback
Order #92-276 $14.95 U.S. $20.95 Canada
THE MASK RETURNS
John Arcudi & Doug Mahnke
112-page color paperback
Order #43-436 $14.95 U.S. $20.95 Canada
THE MASK SUMMER VACATION
Rick Geary
32-page color hardcover
Order #44-570 $10.95 U.S. $15.35 Canada
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMASK
Rick Geary
32-page color hardcover
Order #44-458 $9.95 U.S. $13.95 Canada

THE MINOTAUR'S TALE
Al Davison
64-page color paperback
Order #92-629 $11.95 U.S. $13.95 Canada

NEXUS
Book One
Mike Baron & Steve Rude
152-page color paperback
Order #92-701 $14.95 U.S. [illegible]
Book Two
Mike Baron, Steve Rude, & Eric Shanower
144-page color paperback
Order #92-719 $14.95 U.S. $18.70 Canada

ORION
Masamune Shirow
272-page B&W paperback
Order #43-506 $15.95 U.S. $22.35 Canada

OUTLANDERS VOLUME THREE
Johji Manabe
168-page B&W paperback
Order #43-491 $12.95 U.S. $17.50 Canada
OUTLANDERS VOLUME FOUR
Johji Manabe
168-page B&W paperback
Order #43-467 $12.95 U.S. $18.15 Canada

THE BLUE WITCH OF OZ
Eric Shanower
48-page color paperback
Order #92-613 $8.95 U.S. $11.95 Canada
THE ENCHANTED APPLES OF OZ
Eric Shanower
48-page color paperback
Order #92-727 $8.95 U.S. $10.95 Canada
THE FORGOTTEN FOREST OF OZ
Eric Shanower
48-page color paperback
Order #92-762 $8.95 U.S. $10.95 Canada
THE ICE KING OF OZ
Eric Shanower
48-page color paperback
Order #92-738 $8.95 U.S. $10.95 Canada
THE SECRET ISLAND OF OZ
Eric Shanower
48-page color paperback
Order #92-713 $8.95 U.S. $10.95 Canada

PREDATOR: BIG GAME
John Arcudi, Evan Dorkin, & Armando Gil
112-page color paperback
Order #92-355 $13.95 U.S. $16.75 Canada
PREDATOR: COLD WAR
Mark Verheiden, Ron Randall, & Steve Mitchell
112-page color paperback
Order #92-794 $13.95 U.S. $17.45 Canada
PREDATOR VERSUS MAGNUS ROBOT FIGHTER
Jim Shooter, John Ostrander, & Lee Weeks
64-page color paperback
Order #43-803 $7.95 U.S. $11.15 Canada

PRIMAL: FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE
Clive Barker, D.G. Chichester, Erik Saltzgaber, & John Van Fleet
64-page color paperback
Order #92-011 $9.95 U.S. $12.95 Canada

THE RESIDENTS: FREAK SHOW
The Residents, Kyle Baker, Brian Bolland, Matt Howarth, John Bolton, Savage Pencil, Richard Sala, Pheromone Graphics, & Dave McKean
72-page color paperback
Order #92-044 $9.95 U.S. $12.95 Canada

RIO AT BAY
Doug Wildey
64-page painted paperback
Order #92-764 $6.95 U.S. $8.70 Canada

ROACHMILL
Rick Hedden & Tom McWeeney
Book One: Framed!
112-page B&W paperback
Order #91-279 $5.95 U.S. $8.35 Canada
The Greatest Roachmill Stories Ever Told
104-page B&W paperback
Order #91-278 $6.95 U.S. $8.70 Canada

THE SHADOW: IN THE COILS OF LEVIATHAN
Joel Goss, Michael Wm. Kaluta, & Gary Gianni
112-page color paperback
Order #44-313 $13.95 U.S. $19.55 Canada

SIN CITY VOLUME ONE
Frank Miller
208-page B&W paperback
Order #92-260 $15.00 U.S. $18.00 Canada
Hardcover edition
Order #14-387 $25.00 U.S. $35.00 Canada
SIN CITY: A DAME TO KILL FOR
Frank Miller
[illegible]
Order #43-827 $15.00 U.S. $21.00 Canada
Hardcover edition
Order #44-295 $25.00 U.S. $35.00 Canada

A SMALL KILLING
Alan Moore & Oscar Zarate
96-page color paperback
Order #92-733 $11.95 U.S. $12.95 Canada

CLASSIC STAR WARS
Archie Goodwin & Al Williamson
192-page color paperback
Order #43-372 $15.95 U.S. $21.55 Canada
CLASSIC STAR WARS: THE REBEL STORM
Archie Goodwin & Al Williamson
208-page color paperback
Order #44-422 $16.95 U.S. $23.75 Canada
STAR WARS: DARK EMPIRE
Tom Veitch & Cam Kennedy
184-page color paperback
Order #92-677 $16.95 U.S. $21.20 Canada
STAR WARS: DROIDS
Dan Thorsland, Ryder Windham, Ian Gibson, Bill Hughes & Andy Mushynsky
200-page color paperback
Order #44-489 $17.95 U.S. $25.15 Canada
STAR WARS: TALES OF THE JEDI
Tom Veitch, Chris Gossett, Mike Barreiro, Janine Johnston, & David Roach
136-page color paperback
Order #44-164 $14.95 U.S. $20.95 Canada

TANK GIRL
Jamie Hewlett & Alan Martin
136-page color paperback
Order #92-765 $14.95 U.S. $18.70 Canada
TANK GIRL 2
Jamie Hewlett & Alan Martin
128-page color paperback
Order #92-771 $17.95 U.S. $25.15 Canada

3X3 EYES
Yuzo Takada
160-page B&W paperback
Order #44-418 $12.95 U.S. $18.15 Canada

TREKKER
Ron Randall
112-page B&W paperback
Order #91-430 $5.95 U.S. $6.35 Canada

THE VENUS WARS VOLUME 1
Yoshikazu Yasuhiko
236-page B&W paperback
Order #92-732 $13.95 U.S. $17.45 Canada

VISIONS: THE ART OF ARTHUR SUYDAM
Arthur Suydam
128-page, 12" x 12" B&W and color paperback
Order #32-599 $29.95 U.S. $41.95 Canada

VIRUS
Chuck Pfarrer
128-page color paperback
Order #44-652 $16.95 U.S. $23.75 Canada

Available from your local comics retailer!

Order directly from Dark Horse Comics by enclosing title, order number, and price of each book requested. Send your name, address, and check, money order, or Visa/MasterCard payment to:

Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Department BL 10956 SE Main Street Milwaukie, OR 97222

Or order by phone at **1-800-862-0052** *1-4 P.M. PST.*

Available in U.S. and Canada only. U.S. funds only.

For Visa/MasterCard purchases, please enclose card number and expiration date.
Add $4.00 for shipping and handling. No CODs, please.
All sales final. Item(s) subject to availability. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Aliens™, Predator™, and Aliens vs. Predator™ are registered trademarks of Twentieth Century Fox Films, Inc. All rights reserved.